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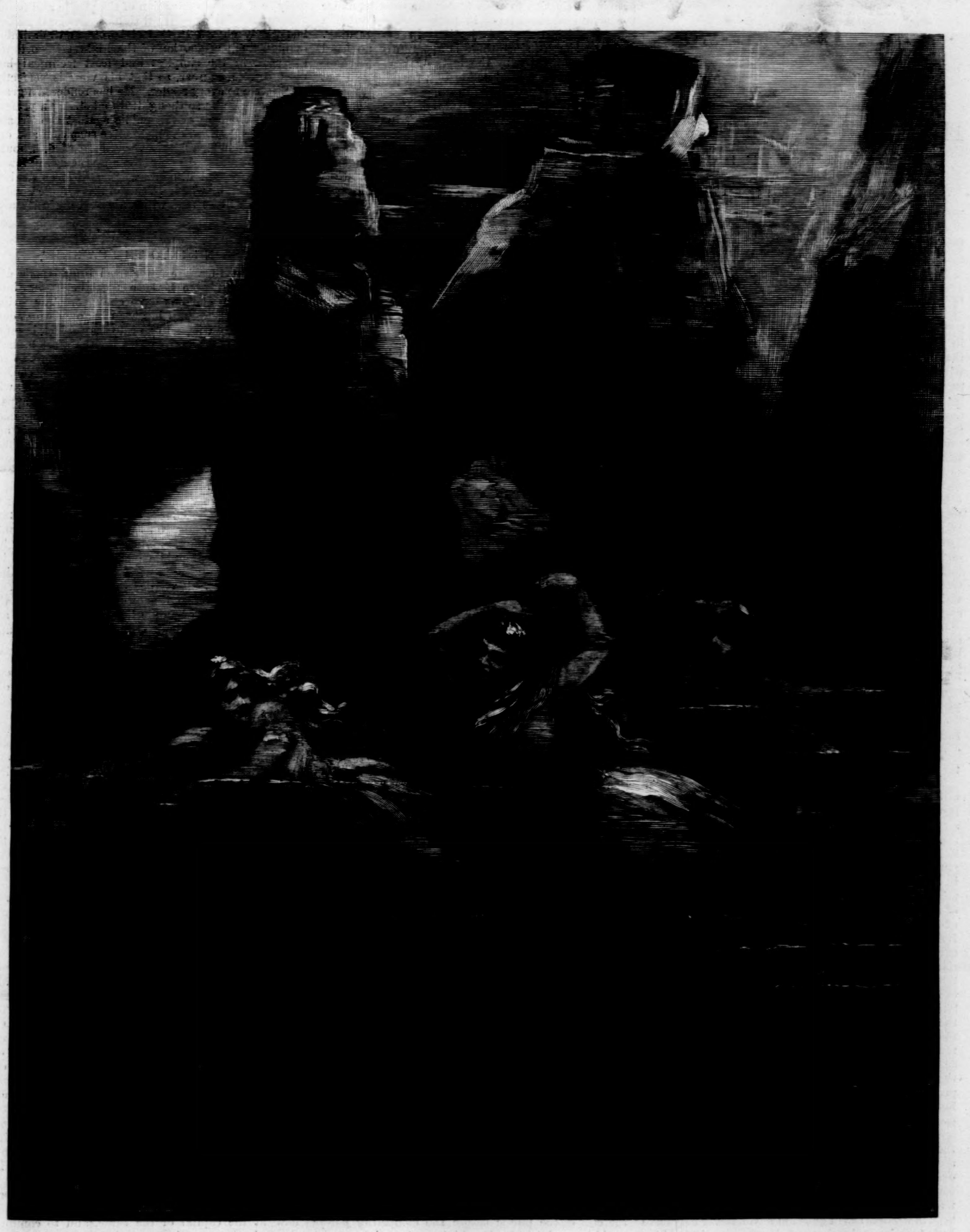

THE FIRST SCENE OF WAGNER'S "DAS RHEINGOLD," AS PRESENTED AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

"Its reading is always excellent, its moral and intellectual standards always high."—*National Baptist.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for January 22d contains a capital short story by LUCY C. LILLIE, *entitled "Bruce"; "A Rhinoceros Hunt," by* H. ROBERT; *and an instalment of "Captain Polly," the serial story, with an illustration by* ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD.

HOMELESS WAIFS OF THE CITY

is the title of an interesting and suggestive article by J. A. RIIS, *illustrated by five drawings from photographs.* MR. RIIS *shows something of what is being done for the homeless little ones, and how much more requires to be done for their reclamation.*

In this number is given the first of a series of short articles on simple physics, under the title of

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS,

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARTH IN PAST AGES," ETC.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1889.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE SHERMAN ELECTION BILL.

THE most important and significant measure introduced at the present session of Congress is the SHERMAN bill to regulate elections of Representatives in Congress. Mr. SHERMAN in introducing it said that it was drawn by a gentleman who is familiar with the election laws of the Northern and Southern States, and that the act is absolutely non-partisan. He was not at liberty to mention the name of the author, but he thought that it embodied as perfect a form of election law as can be devised from the election laws of the several States. The bill provides that after May 1, 1890, the President shall appoint in every State a State Canvassing Board, and in each Congressional district an Electoral Board, to hold office during good behavior, and subject to impeachment. The District Boards are to appoint a Registrar and three Judges of Elections in every district. This places Congressional elections in the States exclusively under national control, and erects a complete electoral system within every State, independent of the State authority. The constitutional provision upon this subject is contained in the fourth section of the first article:

> "The times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators."

The original form of the section as adopted was a little more absolute:

> "But regulations in each of the foregoing cases may at any time be made or altered by the legislature of the United States."

The present form was given to it by the Committee on Style.

The constitutional authority for Mr. SHERMAN'S bill is unquestionable. It would be, nevertheless, a practical reversal of the traditions of the government, and of the uniform practice of leaving to the States the complete control of elections—a practice which is in harmony with the genius of the Constitution. The reason for the proposed change is found, of course, in the alleged suppression of the colored vote in certain districts of the Southern States, and the purpose of the change is to protect the casting and counting of that vote, and, as is believed doubtless by the framer of the bill, the consequent gain in what are called the black districts of Republican Representatives in Congress; and secondly, a gain of presumptive evidence of fraud in the difference of the number of votes in the same district under national and under State auspices. It is, in fact, a proposition to release the colored vote from the supposed paralysis of terror under which it is held to lie in certain districts. This must be done indirectly if at all, because the alleged suppression of votes is not a formal abridgment of rights by State authority, which would authorize a proportional reduction of the basis of representation, but suppression by methods not cognizable by Congress. The object of the SHERMAN bill is to encourage the alleged terrified or defrauded voters to cast their ballots, and to secure for them a fair count; and as a proposed remedy of the suppressed vote it is an exceedingly important measure. Is there good reason to suppose that it would produce the result contemplated? Would it probably increase the colored vote in the districts in question? Whatever may have been true formerly, that vote is not now withheld because of actual hostile force, but of a general feeling among those of such voters who have any feeling whatever upon the subject that the consequences of voting would be to them as a class so disagreeable that it would not be worth while to insist upon it. If this view be correct, the presence of United States instead of State officers at the polls, or even a squad of United States troops to escort every such voter to the ballot-box, would not induce a large increase in the number of such voters. In other words, the mere fact that they could deposit their votes and have them counted would not persuade them to vote, at the cost of bitterer race feeling and harsher treatment.

If it be asked whether nothing should be done, the reply is that wrongs of the suffrage, where they exist, are left more wisely to local regulation; and that while unquestionably every State has the strongest interest in the legality and fairness of every Congressional election in other States, the remedy, under the actual circumstances in parts of the Southern States, which nobody is justified in disregarding, must be sought, since there is apparently no legal relief, by sympathy, by the lapse of time, by stimulating and aiding local action in a friendly and not in a wholly partisan spirit; in other words, by affecting local public opinion. Indeed, Mr. SHERMAN'S speech at Nashville in March, 1887, indicates the manner in which the question of the suffrage in the Southern States should be treated. Speaking of the rights conferred by the constitutional amendments, he said:

> "The attempt to enforce these rights by national authorities has thus far partially failed, and now it is conceded that under the limitations of the Constitution the rights of a citizen of a State can only be enforced through State or national tribunals; and where public opinion is intolerant, and jurors will not do their duty, citizens, either white or black, may be without remedy for the grossest wrong, except the right to migrate to where their rights will be respected. Our institutions are based upon the idea that such denial of rights is impossible, and I trust that the time is not far distant when the people of every State will feel it to be both just and expedient that every citizen of the State shall be protected in the free and equal enjoyment of every right and privilege conferred by the Constitution of the United States."

Meanwhile the Constitution makes each House the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members; and if direct or indirect suppression of the vote for Representative in any district can be fairly shown, the seat of any member can be refused. The SHERMAN bill is not in form a local or sectional measure. It erects in New York and Ohio, as well as in Mississippi and South Carolina, another electoral system wholly independent of that of the State, and is one of the most extraordinary measures of centralization yet proposed. That it is at all adapted to correct any evil or abuse yet developed in the old system of local government remains to be shown.

MONOPOLY.

THE legal point involved in Judge BARRETT'S recent opinion upon the case of the North River Sugar-refining Company is of great interest as affecting the legal status of the Sugar Trust, but the main public interest in the opinion is the clear exposition of the fact that such a combination creates a monopoly in the truest sense. In that sense it becomes a conspiracy against the public welfare, as a boycott against a merchant has been shown to be a conspiracy; and if the opinion should be sustained by the Court of Appeals, the Trusts will be compelled to find some still more ingenious scheme to evade the law than has yet been devised. Judge BARRETT says that by the terms of the Trust agreement it

> "can close every refinery at will, close some and open others, limit the purchase of raw material (thus jeopardizing and in a considerable degree controlling its production), artificially limit the production of refined sugar, enhance the price to enrich themselves and their associates at the public expense, and depress the price when necessary to crush out and impoverish a foolhardy rival; in brief, can come as near to creating as absolute a monopoly as is possible under the social, political, and economic conditions of to-day."

It was conceded by the counsel for the North River Company that the power to fix a price, if it be thought expedient, unquestionably resides in the Trust, but that monopoly is possible only where the supply of the article is restricted by nature, and that this is not true of sugar, which can be indefinitely produced by the application of capital and labor. But admitting the effectiveness with which this plea was urged, Judge BARRETT replied:

> "Any combination the tendency of which is to prevent competition in its broad and general sense, and to control and thus at will enhance prices to the detriment of the public, is a legal monopoly. And this rule is applicable to every monopoly, whether the supply be restricted by nature or susceptible of indefinite production. The difficulty of effecting the unlawful purpose may be greater in the one case than in the other, but it is never impossible. Nor need it be permanent or complete. It is enough that it may be even temporarily and partially successful. The question in the end is, Does it inevitably tend to public injury?"

He proceeds to show that theoretically the Trust cannot prevent competition, but that practically it can do so, by making the effort for that purpose unequal, and except under extraordinary conditions impossible, and a great harvest could be reaped at the cost of the public before the competing power could be established. The higher price might attract the attention of the world, but the high tariff, with all the delay and cost of handling and transportation, would enable the same harvest to be reaped at public expense before the advent of competition, and then it could be utilized by suddenly depressing the price to the suppression of the foreign competitor. "Such at least is the tendency of the combination, and such its practical power."

To the final plea that the appeal to the law against the Trust is an interference with a natural state of things, Judge BARRETT replies that it is the Trust which has resorted to the unnatural order of things. Not content with natural partnerships or associations of individuals, it has appealed to corporate artificiality to effect its purpose. Happily, he says, there is in the phrase of an English judge plain law and plain sense enough to deal with corporate abuses which, if allowed to thrive and become general, must inevitably lead to the oppression of the people and to the subversion of their political rights. Judge BARRETT has wisely chosen in this elaborate and admirable opinion upon a question of the highest importance to speak in the simplest and least technical but most precise manner, so that his view is perfectly intelligible to every reader. He has rendered a great public service by so thoughtful and strong a presentation of the case of the public against the Trusts, and he has justified the instinctive suspicion and opposition with which they have been regarded. Should his view be affirmed, one of the most menacing forms of monopoly will disappear. Should it be denied, the argument by which a Trust of this kind is legally justifiable will be read with universal curiosity and interest.

PUSHING INTO THE CABINET.

A REMARK in a late letter from Indianapolis discussing the probable HARRISON cabinet shows how much political customs have changed. The writer says that Mr. SHERMAN has been his own worst enemy if he really wishes to go into the cabinet, because he has neither made any effort for the place himself nor permitted his friends to make any effort to induce the new President to appoint him. This course, adds the writer, puts General HARRISON in the awkward position, should he ask Mr. SHERMAN, of apparently thrusting the office upon an unwilling man rather than to give it to Mr. BLAINE, who is announced by his friends to be perfectly willing. There is a defect in the reasoning of this statement, however, for it by no means follows that a statesman who is averse to pushing himself for the chief place in the gift of the President is therefore unwilling to accept it. But the charge is that because Mr. SHERMAN prefers to stand upon his public character, public services, and public ability, as demonstrating his fitness for a great public office, rather than to intrigue and to induce his friends to intrigue for him, he thereby loses his chance of appointment. This may be true, but if so, it shows a great decline in the tone and methods of public life, and it furnishes another reason for the indisposition of able and qualified men to enter upon a public career.

It may be a natural development of popular political institutions, but if so, again, nobody will contend that it is an attractive one. One of the most disagreeable facts in certain chapters of English history is the intriguing and sordid scheming and fawning of ecclesiastics aspiring to bishoprics. GOLDWIN SMITH, in his paper upon WILLIAM PITT, tells a story of this kind which is repulsive. But scheming and burrowing of the same kind for dignified political trusts are not less humiliating. If ALEXANDER HAMILTON had engaged in a cabal with his political friends to secure for himself the Secretaryship of the Treasury in WASHINGTON'S administration, or if JOHN QUINCY ADAMS had "pulled the wires" for the State Department under MONROE, they would be very different figures and shorn of half their lustre in our political history. HAMILTON was the Federal leader, and the strongest of partisans. For party objects he recommended to JOHN JAY as Governor a course which JAY disdained to follow. But what he might be willing to do for the benefit of his party, a kind of personal honor forbade him to attempt for his own advantage, just as his regard for official honor persuaded him to a public statement of personal conduct which seems to us in this day astounding. The practice of this day is very different undoubtedly. The performance of Mr. PLATT'S friends at the Fort Orange Club in Albany is an illustration of a different practice. The commendation of the writer of the Murchison letter to General HARRISON as a patriot worthy of great reward is another illustration of a different practice from that of honorable men, and a practice beneath contempt. The effort of Republican factions to carry the cabinet by assault is unprecedented. But no man can enter a President's cabinet after a desperate struggle to force himself into it without leaving a large part of public respect behind him.

It is an established custom for candidates for a Senatorship of the United States to "open head-quarters" at the capital of the State, and to commend themselves personally to members of the Legislature by obsequious attentions, while a well-organized body of touters, with plenty of money, conducts the subterranean part of the game. This is unquestionably a common practice, but nobody pretends that it is a creditable one, and it is equally unquestionable that it is one which excludes most admirably equipped men from such contentions. When a gentleman once refused to open head-quarters, or to solicit votes for himself for a high office, or to authorize the most wretched intriguing to secure the place, his friends said that if he did not show that he cared for it he could not expect anybody to work for him or to vote for him. But should we like to discover that Washington resorted to such methods, and if not, why are they more tolerable to a self-respecting judgment now than in his day? The writer of the letter from Indianapolis is undoubtedly unjust to General Harrison. If he seriously meditates asking Mr. Sherman into his cabinet, the fact mentioned by the writer that he has neither pushed himself nor suffered his friends to push him upon the General's attention will doubtless commend him all the more to the General's favor.

A SERMON OF CHARITY.

The perpetual lesson of the day is charity. The necessity and the opportunity of relieving poverty, sickness, and suffering are unending. The society for the abolition of poverty has still as large a field of operations as when it was first benevolently suggested, and its reports of progress have not yet been submitted. One thing only is clear, that there is no short-cut to the Millennium, no scheme of universal-human-happiness-made-easy yet developed. But then there is fortunately no cessation of hope or endeavor. It is not in dazzling statistics, in the astounding advance of material prosperity which our American annals record, in the marvellous activity of invention, and the elaboration of comfort and luxury of every kind, that the most significant sign of increasing civilization is to be found, but in the growth of the sentiment of brotherhood as an active social force, in the commanding sense of duty which has produced the modern treatment of crime and suffering and poverty. It is this spirit which has transformed charity from idle alms-giving into intelligent aid, and which has produced a penal science. It has sought and found a principle both in the relief of poverty and the treatment of criminals, so that one of the new controversies of the time is that between ignorant and intelligent charity.

Charity is not the sense of self-complacency which arises from the consciousness of doing a good action. That is merely a refined form of selfishness. It is not the gift of money or clothes to a beggar in the street or at the door, which is often merely putting an end to importunity. He gives truly who imparts himself. The essential alms is not the money or the bread or the coat, but the intelligent sympathy with which they are given, so that often the visit and cheer of one who can give nothing else is a truer relief to the poor than a dime or a loaf. Ordinary charity, as it is called—that is, ignorant giving, because the beggar looks hungry and cold and tells a pitiful tale—is generally the encouragement of crime and drunkenness. This, indeed, is not an excuse for refusing to give, but for taking pains to give intelligently. Charity is a duty, and no duty can be done properly without attention and good sense. Not only is charity a duty to be properly done, but there is another duty, namely, not to increase the burdens of society, which always fall most heavily upon its poorest members. The sentimental or careless giver who drops a quarter into a beggar's hand has generally merely burdened hard-working honesty and rewarded lazy knavery.

There is no excuse for ignorant giving in a city like New York. There are various societies which inquire carefully and prevent the waste of alms. No one has the right to denounce them as mechanical and heartless, and to sneer at them as machines of scientific but not Christian charity. If every giver would personally satisfy himself that his gift would not be squandered, and acquaint himself sympathetically with the suffering that he would relieve, it would be the best form of charity. That would be giving himself. But since he will not do this, he cannot fairly complain of those who do what is possible to prevent his gift from injuring the community by fostering drunkenness and idleness and petty crime. If he will not take the trouble personally to ascertain the situation, he is bound to take enough trouble to save himself from becoming a nuisance to society. In this city the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor will furnish him tickets which will insure intelligent relief, or the Charity Organization Society will inquire and report to him. This society states that during a period of nine months a full quarter of the street beggars who were the subjects of inquiry had plenty of resources, and not more than eleven per cent. of them were really worthy of charity. This, we repeat, is not an excuse for indifference or for neglect of the duty of aiding the suffering. Of many virtues the greatest is charity. But ignorant giving is fatal to charity, and hence the blessing upon those who have made ignorant giving inexcusable.

THE "POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY."

In the *Political Science Quarterly* (Ginn & Co.), New York has a periodical publication of the highest character, in which political and economic questions are discussed with great ability, and with a fulness which the exigencies of the daily papers do not permit. The *Quarterly* is edited by the faculty of political science of Columbia College, and its purpose, which is admirably achieved, is to furnish papers written by the most competent hands, without regard to the mere reputation of the authors, and without any sensational effort whatever. It was established three years ago, and has already presented some of the most valuable articles upon the economic topics which during that time have engrossed public attention.

There is some disposition in political circles to sneer at the educated discussion of such subjects, and to hold that it must be wholly speculative, theoretical, and unpractical. There can be no greater mistake. A wise financial policy is undoubtedly determined by experience. But the determination of what experience teaches is the result of the intellectual ability to trace the operation of causes and to understand observation. The obvious and familiar argument *post hoc propter hoc* is one of the most misleading, as it is one of the most common, of arguments. It is conclusive upon the party stump, but not in fact, and it is always a serious misfortune when a purely economic question like that of the tariff becomes a party issue, not only because then it cannot be argued upon its merits, but because the results of the widest observation and experience are derided as mere theory and book-learning.

In the December number of the *Political Science Quarterly* there are articles which forcibly illustrate the characteristic scope and value of the publication. One of them, by Professor John W. Burgess, treats of the Electoral Count as now regulated by law; another, by Professor Arthur T. Hadley, discusses Public Business Management; another, by Professor Theodore W. Dwight, argues the Legality of Trusts; and still another, by William Clarke, is a view of Socialism in English politics. These are all Papers which the most accomplished American statesman might read with instruction and benefit. They are the work of men fully informed, and who write with no partisan or personal object, but in the true scientific spirit. They illustrate the kind of questions which now confront us, and in which the public interest was evinced by the earnest attention paid by great audiences during the late campaign to the most serious discussion of the tariff. New York is the chief emporium of traffic, and it is only fitting that in New York there should be a vehicle for the competent consideration of the principles and laws which govern traffic, and of the spirit and tendency of legislation. The *Princeton Review* has been lately merged in the *Political Science Quarterly*. This, however, involves no change whatever in the character of the *Quarterly*. It is merely the acquisition of a certain good-will and the association in the work of the *Quarterly* of another accomplished scholar, Professor Sloane, of Princeton, late editor of the *Princeton*. We understand without surprise that the *Political Science Quarterly* is already pecuniarily successful, because, while it cannot be popular in the sense of a monthly magazine, it is so good in its kind that it must command a large circle of intelligent readers.

MR. SCHURZ'S SPEECH.

The speech of Mr. Schurz before the Commonwealth Club was another illustration of the calm and candid habit of his mind. In a company of Republicans, Democrats, and independents he stated the nature and tendencies of the chief pending public questions so fairly and ably that those who did not wholly assent could not but feel that the situation had been presented in a temper and with a clearness and force which would necessarily command entire respect.

No party man on either side who has not taken leave of his reason can deny the truth of Mr. Schurz's remark that party spirit prevents the consideration of public questions solely with reference to the public good, and that as patriotic men we ought to cultivate the habit of viewing them upon their merits. Neither can any honorable party man regard with indifference the increase of corruption and the lowering of the party standard. It is by parties that great results are achieved. But so long as the genuine American spirit survives there will be enough political independence to restrain the excesses of party. It is for this spirit that Mr. Schurz speaks, and that it has so strong and persuasive a voice is a matter of public congratulation.

THE RAILROAD AGREEMENT.

The fact that not less than $8,000,000,000 are believed to be invested in railroad stocks and bonds in this country makes the late action of the managers of Western roads and large bankers of the highest interest and importance. The practical control of the great roads and of vast "systems" of roads has passed entirely from the general body of stockholders into the hands of the officers, and the recent remarks of Mr. Charles Francis Adams and of Judge Cooley, of the Inter-State Commission, were not reassuring as to the character of that control. Judge Cooley, at the late dinner of the Merchants' Association in Boston, carefully disclaimed a purpose of general censure, except so far as to say that the bad conduct of some involved that of others from their conviction that the devil must be fought with fire, and that the roads had sought in every way to evade the law, but with no advantage to themselves.

The action of the managers which immediately followed was very significant, and of this action Judge Cooley speaks in the highest terms of praise. He says that the agreement "is the most hopeful sign for the peace and prosperity of the railroads that I have seen since the passage of the Inter-State Commerce Law." The substance of the agreement is strict co-operation with that law, the maintenance of rates, and the arbitration of differences among the roads. It is, of course, a wholly voluntary association, and the enforcement of the agreement rests necessarily upon the good faith of the associates. But there is every reason for the observance of good faith, especially as the evasions of the law, instead of promoting, have injured, the pecuniary interests of the roads.

Pooling is prohibited by the law, but the railroads have held that it was their only defence against rate wars. But, as Judge Cooley points out, it is a radically vicious plea that one violation of law may be combated by another, and upon this point he holds the sentiment in railroad circles to have been opposed to sound public morality. He recommended as a remedy the very course which has now been adopted, and which happily changes the spirit of the relations between the Commission and the railroads from hostility to amity.

IN THE SENATE.

Every good citizen has this interest in the re-election of Senators Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Frye, of Maine, that it continues in the Senate two legislators of unbending integrity, of conceded ability, and of great legislative experience. They are both strong partisans, but there are few Senators who are not so, and those who reject the doctrine and policy of extreme protection, which is now substituted for the older tariff policy, must be glad whenever its advocates are men of the highest personal character and recognized power, because then the policy can be judged upon its ablest presentation.

THE GIFT OF MR. MARQUAND.

The gift of Henry G. Marquand to the Metropolitan Museum of Art is both princely and characteristic. Mr. Marquand is not only a man of large wealth, but of a pure and exquisite taste in art, which has been long and highly cultivated, and there is no collection in many departments of art in the country which intrinsically is more beautiful and valuable than that which he has accumulated. It is the good fortune of the city that the Museum of Art is under the charge of gentlemen whose intelligent and enthusiastic interest in its development is seconded by abundant means. But such an addition to its treasures as the Marquand pictures, including works by Vandyck, Rubens, Rembrandt, Sir Joshua, Turner, and others of the great painters, would not be possible except for the public spirit, just taste, and munificent generosity of the donor.

THE JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

The order for the assembling of a retiring board in the case of Judge-Advocate-General Swaim will result in putting an end to a very disagreeable situation. During the Arthur administration General Swaim was sentenced to suspension from rank and duty for twelve years, with the forfeiture of half his monthly pay for the same period. His retirement upon proof of disability would open the way for the nomination of a successor. There is a statement that the whole proceeding is intended to benefit General Black, the Pension Commissioner. A civilian cannot be legally appointed, and as yet we have seen no reason why the military rule of promotion should not be observed.

Colonel Lieber, who has been acting Judge-Advocate-General since the suspension of General Swaim, is, we understand, a thoroughly competent and experienced officer, and if there be any valid reason making his appointment undesirable, the next officer is Colonel William Winthrop, an admirably accomplished man, for many years the active assistant of Judge-Advocate-General Holt, and the author of the authoritative and exhaustive treatise upon military law. Colonel Winthrop is now teacher of military law at West Point. There would seem, therefore, to be no good reason for going out of the usual line of promotion to obtain a competent and satisfactory Judge-Advocate-General.

PERSONAL.

Mr. F. W. Bird, "the sage of Walpole," Massachusetts, one of the best known of the old line Democrats in the Bay State, and the father of the Massachusetts Club in Boston, is seventy-eight years old, and begins to feel his age. He visits Boston regularly twice a week, but does not linger in the political and social haunts which once knew him as a leader. Mr. Bird left the Orthodox church at Walpole many years ago because of its conservatism on the slavery question, and while his name remains on its books as a member in "good and regular standing," he has not acted with it for over a quarter of a century.

—A recent traveller in Africa, Carl Strekleman, of Columbus, Indiana, has brought home as a curiosity a son of the king of the Levango country, whom he purchased from the father. The prince is thirteen years old, and a thorough type of the negro. He is well versed in the native tongues of his country, and is now adding English to his other linguistic accomplishments.

—Otis, the hill town in Massachusetts which has claimed attention before through its "freaks," now comes to the front with a horse-trotting parson. He is Rev J. C. Smith, a Congregational clergyman, who owns a good farm and several fast horses, which he does not hesitate to drive at races in the surrounding towns. In fact he is quite the "card" at Berkshire County cattle shows.

—The missionary spirit has possessed Tom Jackson, a prominent colored man in Athens, Georgia. He has given up a profitable tailoring business, and is fitting himself to go as a missionary to Liberia. Mr Jackson does not propose to be "bossed" by any denomination, but will build a church and support himself with the money he has saved.

—Elliot Macnaghten, who has just died near Brighton, England, was one of the last survivors of the famous East India Company's directorate, which used to meet in the old house in Leadenhall Street, London, and make laws for India.

—Owen Brown, son of John Brown, and the last survivor of the Harper's Ferry episode, has just died at Pasadena, California.

—A. E. Burr, of the Hartford (Connecticut) *Times*, has been connected with that paper for fifty years—the last twenty-nine as one of the proprietors.

—The little fortune of $40,000 which was raised for Mrs. General Logan after her husband's death has been securely and profitably invested by General Russell A. Alger, to whom it was intrusted. Before the investments were made, and while the money was represented by a note signed by the wealthy banking firm to which the General belongs, General Alger got the endorsements of a number of other Detroit millionaires, till the $40,000 was secured by from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000.

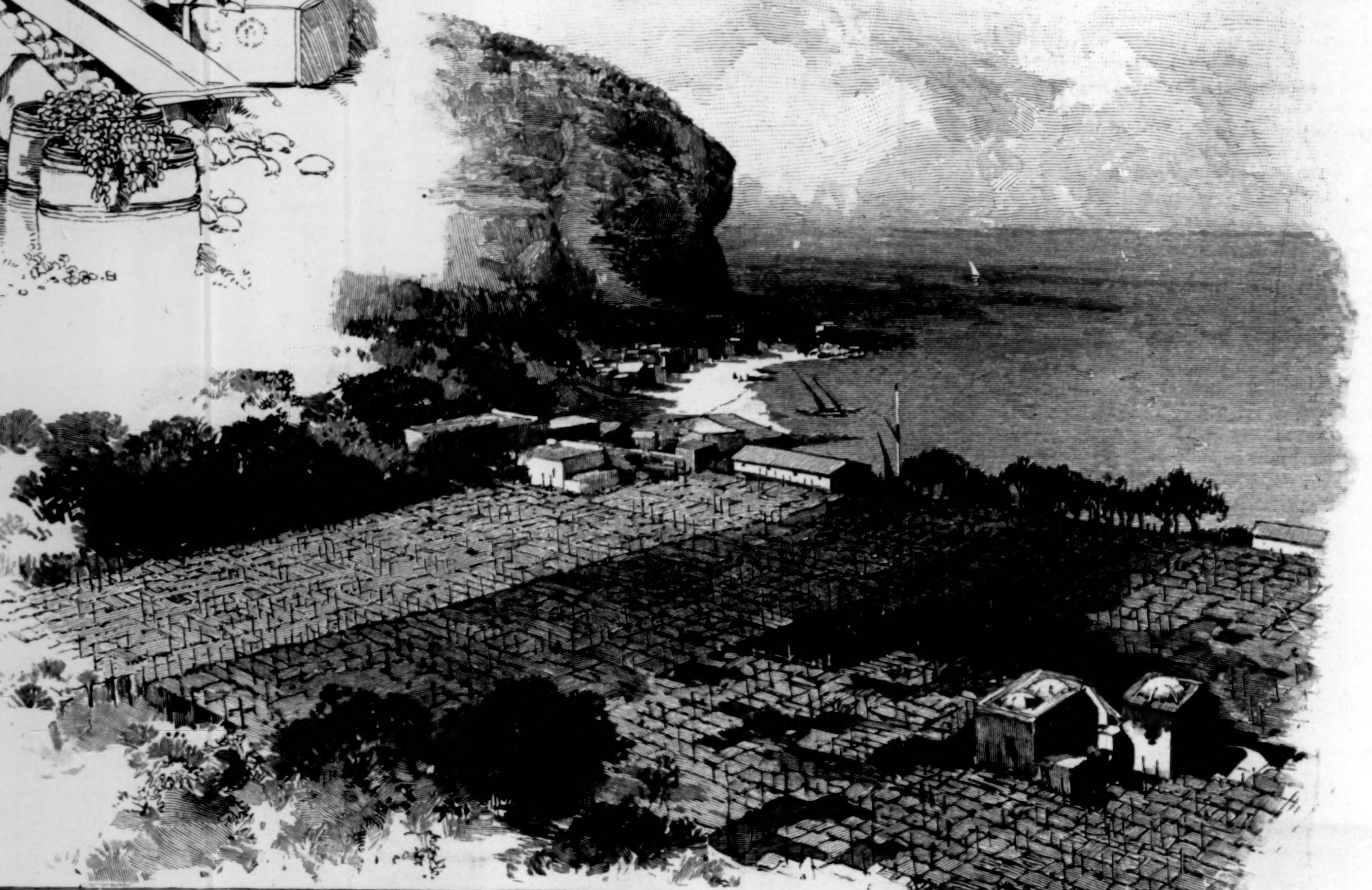
THE ORANGE, LEMON, AND GRAPE TRADE.

THERE is something interesting even to the uncommercial mind in the trade in oranges, lemons, and grapes as it is carried on at this port. Perhaps it is because these three fruits appeal to our higher appetites, each being in the nature of an imported luxury, therefore a sort of foreign aristocrat among the products of the soil, and not to be considered on a plane with that servant-of-all-work the potato, or the humble tomato and the lowly cabbage, or even with those respectable members of the upper middle class, the apple, the peach, and the pear. To be sure, we might better spare the orange, the lemon, or the grape than the potato or the apple, just as we might better spare the *jeunesse dorée* than the tailors, the cooks, or the hod-carriers; but it should be borne in mind in considering these abstruse economic problems that the world is ungrateful and humanity not kind. We prefer the gilded youth to the cook because he is prettier and cleverer, although the gilded one may not know so much, and is not one-hundredth part as useful; and we prefer the orange to the potato because it tastes better, although the tropical vegetable is not, to quote Mr. **Samuel Weller**, "werry fillin'." Perhaps if we had to decide between the two for permanent pleasure, we should retain the cook and the potato in our affections.

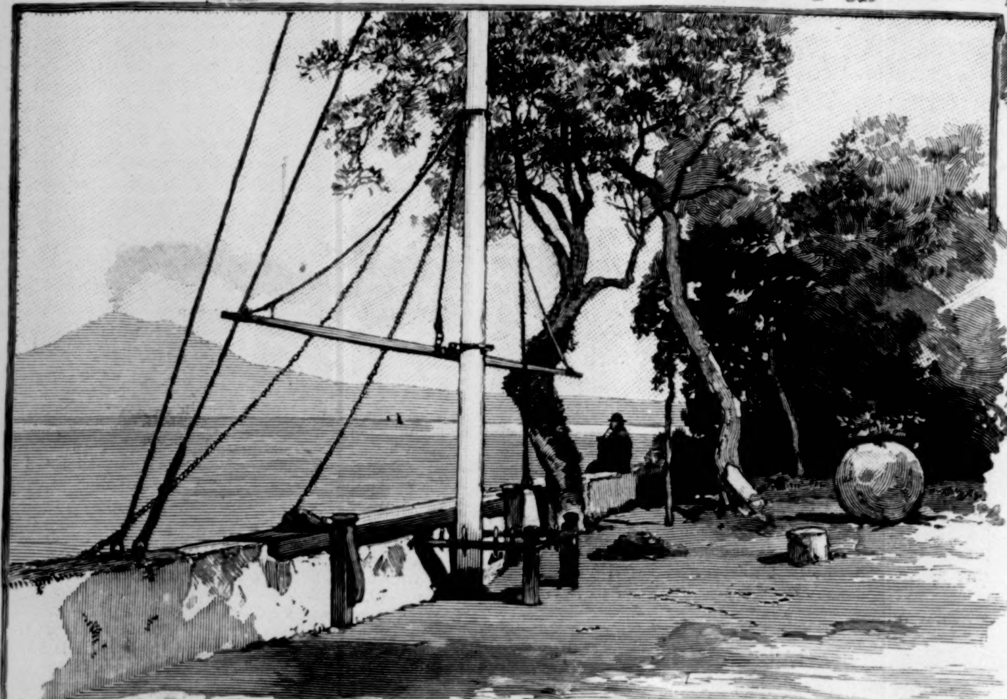
Mr. **Graham**'s illustrations of the various periods of the grape, lemon, and fruit trade begin in Italy, where most of the oranges and lemons are grown, and end in New York, with one view of the fruit *en transit* over the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. The lemon orchard of **Francis Cliente** is situated at Equa, upon the Bay of Naples. It is a beautiful spot, the trees running in straight lines across a velvet sward under a blue Italian sky, and the atmosphere fragrant with the odor of the blossoms and fruit, moved by gentle eastern breezes wafted across the verdant peninsula from the placid Adriatic to the azure Mediterranean. The other view of the grounds furnishes a hint of the tastes of the lemon-grower, who, being also a large ship-owner, has fitted up the derrick whereby the fruit is lowered into the vessels to resemble the mast and yard-arm of one of his own sailing craft.

The lemons, oranges, and grapes are packed, before shipment, in the boxes, cases, and barrels in which they come to the retailer and consumer thousands of miles away. As the imports of oranges and lemons at the port of New York amount to almost 3,000,000 boxes annually, it needs a fleet of vessels to transport the fruit from Italy and Spain. There are three lines of steamers engaged in this traffic, the Phelps Brothers line, the French line, and the **Henderson** line, besides a flotilla of smaller steamers and innumerable sailing vessels

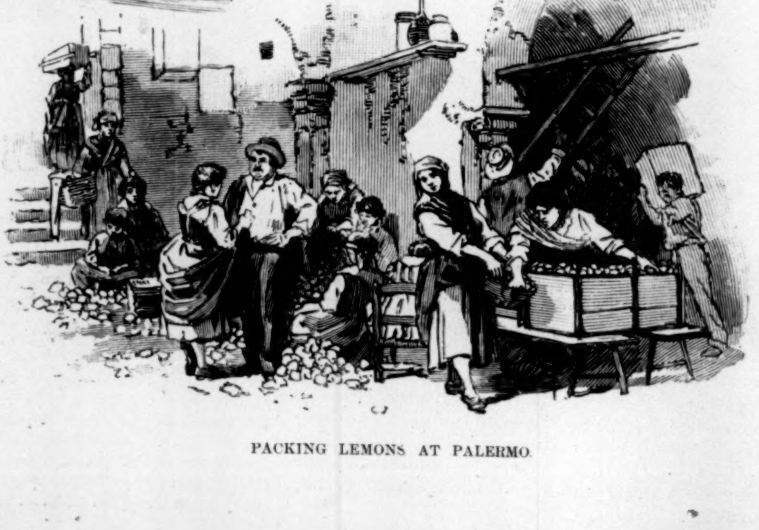
With the arrival of the fruit in this city the picturesque side of the traffic disappears and the real business begins. The orange, lemon, and grape trade of New York is almost entirely in the hands of Italian importers, there being but two or three important firms of native Americans engaged in it at present, this condition of affairs having been brought about naturally enough by the growers sending over their own agents. These Italian merchants are shrewd business men too; and the fruit trade, as it is carried on here, furnishes a good example for other branches of commerce, in the matter of strict integrity and honorable dealing.



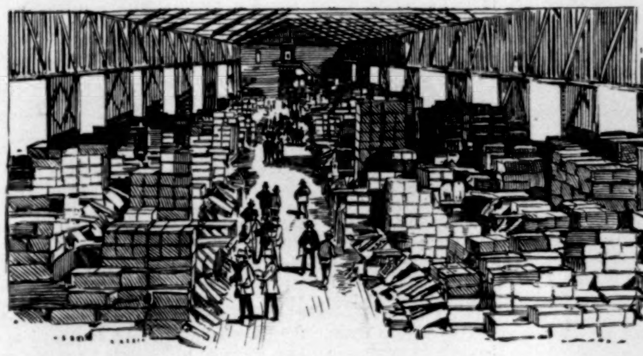
A LEMON GROVE AT EQUA, ITALY.



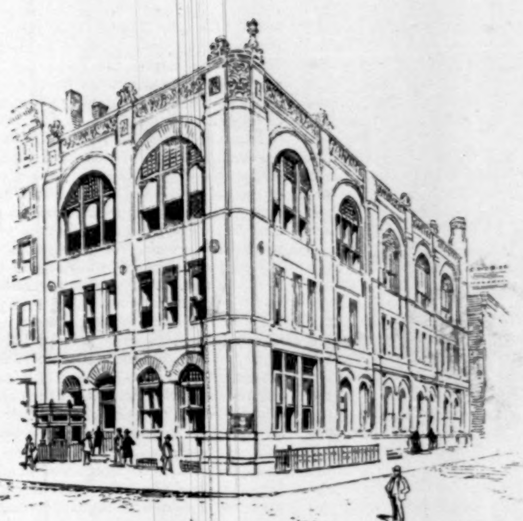
A BIT IN THE GARDEN OF A LEMON-GROWER.



PACKING LEMONS AT PALERMO.

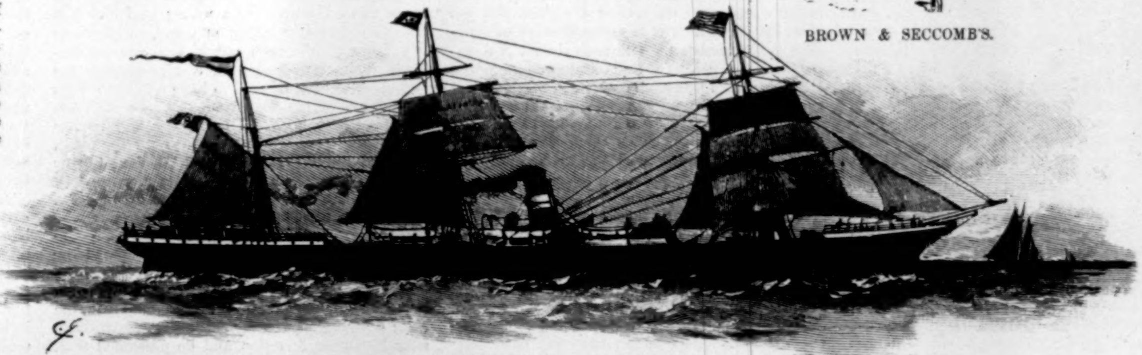


INSPECTING A CARGO OF LEMONS ON THE DOCK AT NEW YORK.

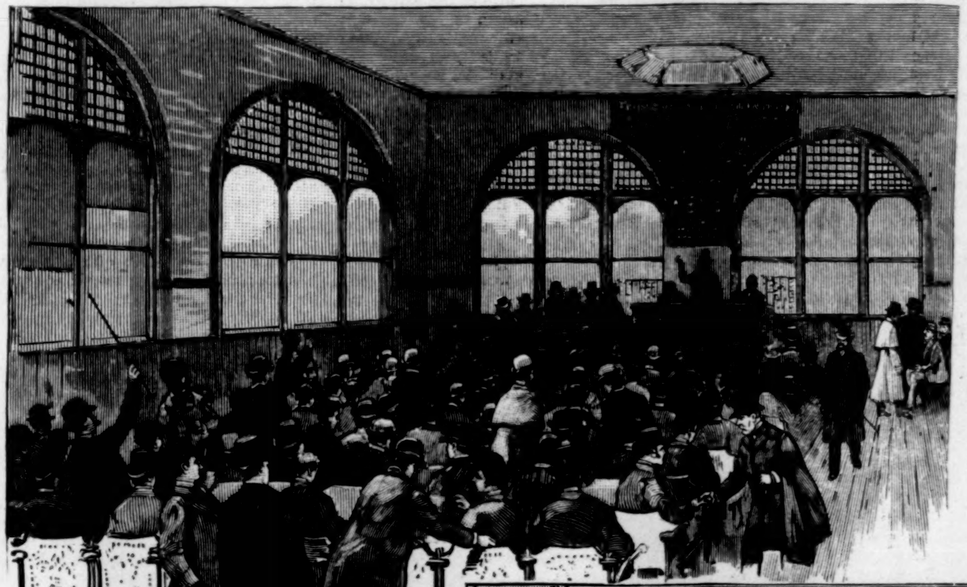


BROWN & SECCOMB'S.

Pier 41 on the North River is the unloading place for all the orange, lemon, and grape transports; and during the season one vessel is awaiting another for the chance to unload. Big and little steamers, schooners, and other sailing vessels are constantly arriving, and the hoisting machinery is continually at work. The lemons and oranges, most of which are from Sicily and the south-western part of the main Italian peninsula, are packed in boxes, while the grapes, most of which are from Spain—where many oranges are also grown—are packed in barrels. The lots shipped to each consignee are given separate places on the pier, and here each cargo is open for inspection in the morning. And now the buyers come down in force, and an interesting gathering they are. Their *personnel* ranges through every degree of commercial respectability, from the wholesale buyer who is worth a million down to the street peddlers who sell from baskets and push-carts. Perhaps in no other business do the two extremes come so closely in contact. On the one hand is the buyer whose credit would be good for every ounce of fruit on the pier; on the other the vagabond who must pay his money before he receives his goods, and whose coin must be tested as a protection against counterfeits before he gets his receipt. This latter class of buyer has one or two pleasant little tricks that necessitate the employment of sharp men on the piers to keep a careful watch upon them. Some of these gentry have been known, for instance, to accumulate an entire stock in trade, one orange or lemon at a time, from the different lots on inspection, and then go forth and peddle them in the streets, returning to acquire another outfit when the first was disposed of. Another little idiosyncrasy of the guileful peddler is to find a rotten orange in a case of damaged fruit, and take the opportunity, when no one is observing him, to smear sound fruit with it, with a view to buying the latter at a reduced price in consequence of its supposed imperfection. The surveillance under which these fellows are kept on the pier, however, prevents their depredations from amounting to much.



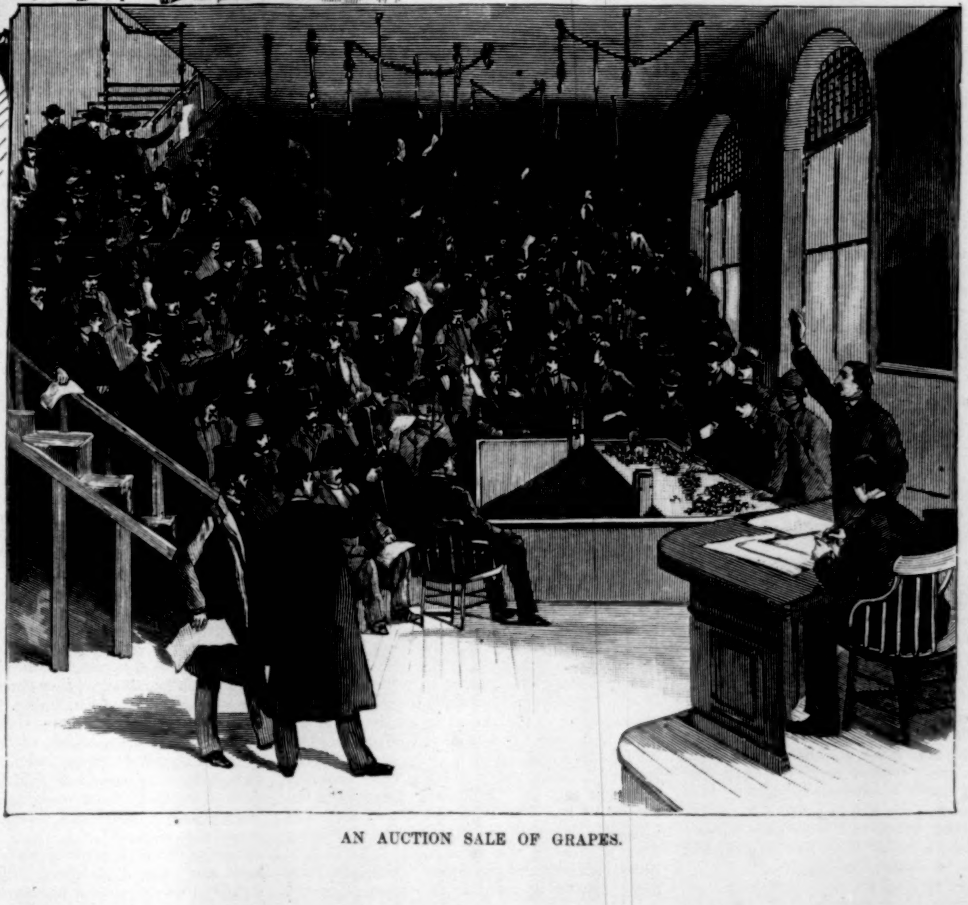
A FRUIT-CARRYING STEAM-SHIP.



AN AUCTION SALE OF LEMONS.

From Pier 41 the orange, lemon, and grape trade shifts, in the next stage, to Brown & Seccomb's handsome new building at the corner of State and Bridge streets. Another peculiar feature of this trade lies in the circumstance that the entire traffic of the United States in these products—with exceptions of so trifling importance as not to be worth considering in the aggregate of business done—passes through the hands of this firm. Brown & Seccomb are the auctioneers of the trade, the firm and its lineal predecessors having held the position since the infancy of the business in the city, the firm names running back as T. R. Minturn, Brown & Co., Minturn & Partridge, T. R. Minturn & Co., Minturn & Co., and R. R. Minturn & Co., to a very early period in the century, the present senior partner having been engaged with the later firms since his sixteenth year. The building is constructed with all the latest accommodations for the sale of fruit, and within its walls is done the largest business of the world in lemons, oranges, and grapes.

The first floor of the building is devoted to an amphitheatre for the sale of grapes, which are sold by samples raised on hydraulic lifts from the cellar below; on the second floor are the firm's offices, where a force of sixty clerks is kept constantly employed; and the third floor is the auction-room for the sale of oranges and lemons, which the fruit merchants find an immense improvement on the old plan of selling on the pier.



AN AUCTION SALE OF GRAPES.

One of these sales of oranges and lemons is a bewildering sight to a novice, almost as much so as a sale on the Stock Exchange, with the difference that the spectator is not so apt to mistake the floor for the recreation-grounds of an insane asylum. The auctioneer is provided with a dais on a platform at the front of the room, and at his side are three clerks who keep track of the transactions. Before him are arranged rows of seats that remind one of a school-room, each important member of the trade having his own chair, with his name upon it on a metal plate, the largest dealers having the seats nearest the auctioneer. Close under the auctioneer's desk are the rows of chairs reserved for the importers, or the agents of the shippers whose fruit is to be sold. The buyers are all provided with catalogues, in which the various lots of fruit on the pier are designated by numbers placed opposite the trade-mark of the shipper, every extensive shipper being known to the trade by a copyrighted emblem. The sales begin at twelve o'clock each day. The buyers are the same men who have spent the morning inspecting the fruit on the pier, and each has marked in his catalogue the lots that he desires to purchase. The man who sells from a basket or a push-cart has the same right to bid as the big wholesale dealers whose transactions in fruit amount to thousands of dollars per day, but no sales are made in lots of less than twenty boxes. This limit, however, does not affect the frugal Italian peddler, who generally has sufficient capital in his dirty clothes to purchase at first hand and save the profit that would go to a middleman if the peddlers were obliged to purchase in smaller quantities. Of course the sales made to these small dealers amount to almost nothing in the aggregate of business done; but they are a feature of the fruit trade nevertheless.

It is useless for the spectator who has not served an apprenticeship in the business to attempt to keep track of the sales. To him it is only a Babel of voices, above which the auctioneer's is heard in a perpetual clatter of figures. The spectator cannot tell when a sale has been made, who has bid the highest, what the price is, or what lot is under the hammer. He knows that business is being done, however, because the buyers are continually turning the leaves of their catalogues and jotting down figures on the pages or in memorandum-books, while the pens of the clerks beside the auctioneer are incessantly flying over white paper. In the busy season, when cargoes of the perishable fruit are arriving rapidly at Pier 41, an enormous amount of business is done in the auction-room, Mr. **Brown** and Mr. **Seccomb** alternating at the desk in two-hour watches until everything on the pier is disposed of, in order that room may be made for the next cargoes to unload for the next day's sale.

A sale of grapes is even more interesting, from a spectacular point of view, than a sale of lemons or oranges. The amphitheatre is provided on three sides with seats that rise upon an inclined plane, each seat, as on the other floor, being reserved for a particular buyer. In the point of the angle is the autioneer's desk, and between him and the buyers' seats are the hydraulic lifts upon which the samples are exhibited. As the grapes cannot be opened on the pier for inspection, three sample barrels from each lot are brought to **Brown & Seccomb's**, and unloaded below the auction-room. The sales are then made from these samples, which are brought up on the lifts for inspection. There are two of these elevators, so that while one sample is being exhibited in the auction-room, the sample from the next lot is being placed in readiness below. So rapidly are these lifts operated that samples may be exhibited every thirty seconds, and so expert has long practice rendered the buyers that a single glance at the sample informs them of the condition of the fruit. The grapes are sold from the catalogue as are the oranges and lemons.

After the sales are over, the large buyers, whose purchases go on the books of the firm, are given orders permitting the removal of the fruit from the pier at the main office. The peddlers, who are compelled to pay cash for their purchases, are given their orders in the basement, where a force of clerks lock themselves into a caged desk to receive the money, this precaution being a necessary one. Two or three policemen preserve order among these merchants while the financial transactions are being carried on, in order that there may be no trouble at the desk; and when a certain amount of money is taken in, a policeman escorts the clerk who carries it upstairs through the crowd, in order that the banditti may not redeem their coin summarily.

From Pier 41 the oranges, lemons, and grapes in the large lots are distributed to warehouses, groceries, and markets, and sent thence all over the country. In the smaller lots they are hawked about the streets in baskets and push-carts. And the individual elements of both small and large lots eventually minister in many forms to the delectation of the human appetite.

FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XVI.

For the second time there was trouble for Kearny's friends at court, and the Jersey delegation, between the War Department and the police, were having rather a solemn experience. Five days had elapsed; the web of circumstantial evidence had been woven still more closely about the name of the missing officer, and no one could be found who had the faintest clew to his whereabouts. On the sixth day after Mullane's death there came a new actor on the scene in the person of Captain Dayton, and Dayton had been making some investigations at Acquia, and on the way up the river. He had a theory of his own regarding the matter—so he told his colonel—and had succeeded in getting a few days' "leave" to consult certain officials at the capital.

Meantime there had been coming from the front all manner of tales of great doings on part of the two cavalry columns pushed out in hopes of capturing Mosby. They had not caught him—that would have been too much to expect—but they had chased the Confederates well back beyond the mountain passes; had had some sharp fighting, and claimed to have made some important captures. The prisoners were being sent in under guard as the despatches were penned. All these were newspaper reports, however, and made mainly to sell. In the long period of inaction while the two armies were hibernating in Virginia there had been little or nothing to chronicle, and the correspondents of the press as a consequence had been nearly at their wits' ends. Now they were rushing despatches through, filled with graphic details of brilliant cavalry dashes and spirited combats in front of Vienna and Fairfax, and lauding to the skies the prowess and valor of certain new regiments that up to this moment had seen no service whatever, and yet were by no means averse to appearing as the heroes of the occasion. The arrival of the newspapers in the camps at Belle Plain and along the Rappahannock provoked no little derision among the veterans there assembled, since old war-dogs are always skeptical as to the unaided success of the puppies. Nevertheless there was some credence attached to the stories as read around the fires of the —— New Jersey, for one of the officers prominently mentioned as commanding one column had served as their senior major in '61, and was now full colonel of a new regiment. Under Graham's leadership anything might be possible, and everybody waited for Graham's official report. One thing was certain, our cavalry, for the time being at least, held the gaps through the Bull Run Mountains, and Mosby had gone elsewhere.

The first report that came from Colonel Graham was one that gave rise to some consternation at the War Department, and as Graham was a New Jersey man, it happened that some of Kearny's friends, in their inquiries at the adjutant-general's office, were favored with its contents. Dayton was not among them, and he only heard of it later. It seems that the colonel had set forth with every hope and expectation of capturing the partisan leader himself, and punishing severely his command. He knew the very house in which the renowned raider was to spend the night; he had accurate maps, and full and reliable information as to the position and numbers of the various outposts as well as of the main body. He had given no sign of a move that night, but after the usual trumpet calls for tattoo and taps, had saddled at ten o'clock, and at midnight had surrounded the indicated building only to find that his bird had flown, and with him all his troops. Their flight had been hurried, but as the advance was rapid they could not have slipped away except by the receipt of timely warning; and this warning, he wrote, could have been given them by a certain man in civilian dress—a tall, bearded fellow whom he well remembered as having been a scout or secret service employé in the Bull Run campaign of the previous year, and who even then was looked upon with some suspicion. His knowledge of the country seemed so perfect, and his acquaintance with every household, so far as their names and numbers were concerned, so accurate, that it was considered rather remarkable that one who claimed to have been long a resident among these people should now be serving their enemies. Furthermore, it was remembered of him that he rode to and fro, by day or night, all over the country, and was never molested. It was hardly possible that the Virginians had not an inkling of his connection with the government service, and it was extraordinary that, knowing the nature of the duties he was supposed to be performing, they did not string him up by the neck to the nearest tree. For several months, wrote Graham, he had lost sight of the man, but remembered him the instant he was brought into his presence the night of the advance—remembered him despite marked changes in his appearance, for a heavy, bushy beard now covered the sallow face and "lantern jaws" of the previous year. It seems that he had been halted by the outermost sentries, and held until the head of column came up, and he was disposed to be very indignant at such treatment. His papers were beyond question. There they were, all neatly filed in a big flat pocket-book—his orders, his passes, certain letters of instruction, and even a sort of circular "to-whom-it-may-concern" commission, which enjoined all officers to give the bearer ("whose signature will be found to correspond with that exhibited hereon") every facility in their power, and permit him to pass to and fro without delay.

Despite these papers, Graham's mind was not set at rest. The man had been held by the outposts because he was seen galloping through a little winding lane among the trees beside the pike, instead of holding to the road itself. He was nervous, excited, eager to push ahead, and it was his manner that made the guards suspicious. After carefully reading his papers by the light of a little camp lantern, Graham required him to affix his signature to the page, and though somewhat hasty and tremulous, there could be no doubt that the "William L. Tierney" in the exhibit of the War Department and that thus hurriedly scrawled at the outskirts of Fairfax were written by the same hand. The Colonel bade him mount and accompany the head-quarters party, explaining that "as they were going the same way they might as well ride together," and Tierney seemed to want to protest, but apparently thinking better of it, "fell in" behind the staff and trotted along with them. The night was very dark, and in not more than ten minutes he had disappeared. It was probable that he took advantage of the intricacies of a cut through a piece of woods to slip away, strike spurs to his horse, and put a mile or more between himself and the column before his absence was noted. At all events he had not been seen from that time to this, and Graham believed that he was playing a double game.

But the chief of the secret service could not harbor such a thought for a moment. When Graham's letter was shown him he proceeded to say that there always had been a jealousy between the cavalry and his scouts. The officers and men could not but envy the "roving commissions" granted the latter, and it was true that the scouts were prone to put on airs at times and give offence. "But Tierney's an invaluable man," he said; "he was raised in Prince William County, and knows every family in it; he was a wild fellow, and ran away from home and enlisted in the army, and has served two years in the cavalry. I got him discharged in the fall of '61 purposely to put him on this duty, but after second Bull Run he told me the people were beginning to know him, and it might be well if he made himself scarce for a while; so I had him transferred to duty hereabouts, and on the Eastern Shore awhile, then put him on the quartermaster's boat to look after certain matters the Secretary of War desired to have watched; even the officers of the boat thought him a clerk detailed to keep track of the stores, and he has been most efficient—just the man for the place, the Secretary says—and it would astonish some officers of the Army of the Potomac to see how much he knows about them and their opinions. Oh, it isn't nice duty, I admit; but some one had to do it—the Secretary can satisfy you as to that—and I put Tierney at it," exclaimed the chief, in conclusion. Questioned by the adjutant-general as to the authority given him to leave the steamer and go into Virginia again, the chief replied that Tierney had a sweetheart down near Manassas Junction, and he presumed that, hearing of the forward move of the cavalry, he had seized that opportunity to run out and visit her. There was no time for formal application for permission, and it never had been customary. The secret service men had to be trusted, he said, or they were of no use. Tierney would turn up in a day or two, and come in full of valuable information, and completely vindicate himself.

But there were some among the few officers present at this conference who did not share the confidence of the chief, and it was found that some subordinates in the department had long been suspicious that all was not square with Tierney. *They* said he was a gambler and an associate of gamblers, and that he had some intimacies among a low class of men in the army that were impairing his usefulness. There was a time in '62 when he was drinking hard, and possibly the gentlemen from New Jersey might be interested in knowing that it was Tierney's babbling that gave rise to the first stories at the expense of Lieutenant Kearny the year before. He had been drinking and playing cards with Captain Mullane, and it was he who was reluctantly compelled to admit that he was Mullane's "authority," and it was he who guided the major and the adjutant on their memorable visit to Hopewell.

It was a pity Dayton could not have been there to hear this story. Then came tidings from the other column—that which had passed through Aldie Gap and swooped down upon the roads in rear of Thoro'fare in hopes of cutting Mosby's retreat should he escape the clutches of Graham's command. They had had but poor luck despite the flourish of trumpets with which the papers had hailed their "storming of the pass" and capture of important prisoners and documents. The pass in question was watched by a small troop of Virginians, perhaps forty in all, but they made things lively for the head of that blue column, and it was only at the cost of much smoke, noise, and expenditure of carbine ammunition that the little band was induced to fall back, leaving their dead and wounded among the rocks by the roadside where they fell. Then the pass was stormed in great shape, and the new regiment went "charging" through in column of fours, cheering lustily and brandishing their sabres, and finally reining up and unsaddling on the other side, while the colonel made his enthusiastic followers a congratulatory speech, and then sat him down to write his despatches to the War Department, not forgetting one or two highly picturesque descriptions for the benefit of the local papers of the counties from which they hailed. Meantime, of course, the Virginians were riding rapidly down the westward valley, giving warning of the coming of the "Yanks"; and when the despatches were finished and the column once more *en route*, pretty much everything and everybody worth capture was spirited out of the way. When the command reached the road that night, late, it was only to learn that they were much too late. Mosby had given them the slip.

Of course the colonel could account for it. The country was overrun, he wrote, with spies and scouts in civilian dress. These men were mounted on fleet horses, and despite the rapidity with which he advanced they carried in every direction the tidings of his coming. There was reason to believe, he said, that several of these men thus disguised were officers of the Confederate army visiting their homes and families on brief furloughs, or possibly sent thither for the purpose of watching the movements of the cavalry. He urgently recommended that strict orders be issued that all men found within the lines of the advancing force be arrested and tried by drumhead court-martial as spies. The colonel was a man of much political influence at home, and his opinions and recommendations—good, bad, or absurd—could be treated only with deference. The War Department issued no new orders, but the colonel was authorized by a letter, sent within a few days, to make an example if necessary of Confederate spies, but he was warned to exercise caution in the matter, and be sure that the persons taken in civilian dress or other disguise were *bona fide* officers of the Confederate service, and within our lines for treasonable or unlawful purpose.

When this letter reached the colonel he was commanding a force of some two thousand cavalry holding the gaps of the Bull Run Mountains and scouring the adjacent country. He was for the time being his own master, and virtually in charge of a district in the enemy's country. For Colonel Graham, his superior in both rank and experience, disappointed at the failure of his expedition, and attributing much of his lack of success to the junior's delays, had gladly left him at Thoro'fare, while he with nearly three thousand sabres at his heels went clattering off to Front Royal in pursuit of Mosby.

An ardent patriot was the soldier left behind. Treason was to him a thing to be made odious, and no man, woman, or child whose sympathies were with the Southern troops could be anything less than a traitor, and a menace to the security of the state. Nothing short of summary execution was, in his private opinion, the proper method of convincing such people of the error of their ways. It boded ill for the already sore afflicted household at Hopewell Gap that they should find themselves all of a sudden placed under the surveillance of a soldier whose soul was burning with zeal to uphold the supremacy of the law, but who preferred to crush the rebellion by extreme measures at the fireside rather than to face it in the field.

And now, while Graham was beyond communication except by courier, there came to Washington a genuine surprise in the shape of a paragraph in his second report—a brief summary sent from White Plains—of the result of his dash at the gaps after the escape of Mosby. There had, indeed, been some spirited cavalry fighting in his column, and an entire battalion of Virginia troopers had been cut off, surrounded, and captured near Groveton. Captain Dayton, who was still in Washington, was hurriedly summoned, together with two Jersey legislators, to the office of the adjutant-general.

"Listen to this," said that perplexed functionary, "and tell me, if you can, what it means:

"'I deem it my duty to add,' writes Colonel Graham, after detailing his capture of the —— Virginia cavalry between Groveton and Haymarket, 'that this success was mainly due to the presence of my former regimental comrade, now Major Frank Kearny, of the —— New Jersey, who, having a brief leave of absence, joined me as a volunteer at Centreville, and his accurate and intricate knowledge of the roads enabled him to plan and carry out the surrounding of the rebel force. It was he who guided the turning column to their rear; and the officers unite in praise of the brilliant and daring manner in which he led the charge that broke their line.' Now, gentlemen, who can explain this freak of Major Kearny's; and who can tell where to find him?"

There was a moment of wondering silence, then Captain Dayton spoke:

"I believe I can, sir."

XVII.

The night of Frank Kearny's sudden reappearance at Hopewell was one that Lucy Armistead has never yet forgotten. Probably she never will. For a few moments after asking the abrupt question about the officer who had just ridden away, he stood in silence, gazing into the darkness, as though longing to see the man once more. He was breathing heavily, as though wearied by recent exertion, and the sigh with which he turned aside spoke of utter dejection. Anxiously she scanned his face, but his eyes seemed to avoid hers. Then, as though nerved to sudden action, he quickly stepped to the gateway, and stood one moment listening. Then he abruptly spoke:

"I left my horse at the foot of the pathway leading down through the wood. May I ask you to send Nelse for him? And now I have business of importance with the Judge. Can I see him?"

"He will be rejoiced to see you—but—you look so worn, so ill! Have you not overtaxed your strength? Is there not grave hazard in coming hither?"

"I came because I could not live and not look upon your face again. Even though I know now that it is as you said—there was another—I had to come. Now I have seen. I must go. Five minutes' talk with your father will be enough—and then—it is good-by."

He half turned toward the house, then back to where she stood silent, wondering, and here he bent as though for one last look into her eyes The sight of her sweet pale face, so wan, so pathetic, and yet so lovely, was more than he could bear. He had left her when weak, broken down with wounds, illness, and sorrow. He returned to her stalwart, bearded, a model of soldierly grace and strength; yet his voice was full of a weight of trouble that wore heavily upon him. His eyes gazed one instant into hers, then, as though utterly overcome by the force and vehemence of his love, he suddenly clasped her in his strong arms, and straining her slender form to his breast, his lips rained kiss after kiss upon the rippling hair and smooth white forehead. "Oh God! how I loved you!" was his one smothered cry; and then, almost rudely, he cast her from him, turned sharply away, and hastened to the house.

For a few moments she staid there, leaning against the gate-post, breathless, startled, and unnerved. Not until she could regain her self-

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* Begun in No. 1667.

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control did she attempt to enter the hall. Then, sending Hannah for Nelse with orders to bring Mr. Kearny's horse from the lower field, she shut herself in her room. She could hear the voices of the two men before she closed the door: her father's, so weak and broken, apparently in vehement protest; her lover's, deep, strong, earnest, yet with such weariness and sorrow in it. Then suddenly the door closed heavily; spurred boot-heels clinked through the hall and descended the steps, where there was brief pause and a word with Nelse. Then hoof-beats in the yard below, down the neglected drive, out to the road beyond, and he was gone—gone without another word to her. She sat there in her cold dark room, shivering. Then Nelse's voice was heard calling her name, and she knew her father had need of her. Down the stairs she found the old darky with his eyes fairly starting from his head, holding out to her half a dozen treasury notes—money such as he had never seen, yet well imagined the value of—that had been thrust into his hands as the major rode away; and in the study she found her father, seated before his open fire-place, trembling, agitated, and vainly striving to read a letter by the flickering light, while in the torn envelope on the table by his side she could see a packet of similar treasury notes, left, evidently, by the same lavish hand.

"Read it for me, daughter; I cannot," he said, feebly. "He has been most kind, most thoughtful, but of course he could not be made to understand that it is all out of the question—out of the question. We can accept no man's bounty, much less one of that uniform."

Obediently she took the sheet, and sitting at his feet, where the fire-light fell upon the page, she read these lines:

"'I write because it may be impossible to see you—impossible to explain. No words can tell you the depth of my gratitude for the tender care and the infinite kindness shown me under your roof. I dare not conjecture what it may have cost or may yet cost you among your own people. In kind, it will be beyond my power to repay you, nor do I know that in any way such repayment can adequately be made; but, my kind and generous host, it is necessary for my own peace of mind that in some way I attempt to show my appreciation. Forgive this intrusion into your personal affairs. I could not but know that the very necessaries of life are hard to be obtained even where money was in abundance, and I am tortured by a fear that your means have been grievously straitened by the unhappy strife between the sections. This money burns my hand. I implore you to take it, use it, consider it a loan if you will not otherwise accept it. I ask it for your own sake, for Henry's sake, nay, more, for the sake of her whose name I cannot breathe without a blessing, whose—whose—'"

She hesitated, her head drooped lower, a wave of color surged up over the lovely face, and hiding it from his eyes, she held forth the letter with shaking hand.

"I—I cannot read it further. There is only a little more."

He took it slowly, waiting until he could brush the moisture from his eyes. Presently she rose from her stooping posture, lighted a candle and placed it by his side, then quickly sped from the room. Slowly he found the place where she had ceased.

"—whose welfare and happiness must ever, henceforth, outweigh any earthly consideration except the duty I owe to my country. Sir, though she has taught me its utter hopelessness, I love your daughter, and shall love her to my life's end."

An hour later, when she stole noiselessly into the room, the old gentleman was sitting there in the flickering light, almost as she had left him. He had extinguished the candle, for candles were already as precious and scarce as the coarse currency that formed the one circulating medium in the country towns. Kearny's letter was still in his hand, and on the table by his side was the package of treasury notes, unbroken. She bent and kissed his forehead and the gray curling locks above, but said no word.

"Daughter," he presently spoke, "you will find some large envelopes in the lower drawer of my desk. Give me one, dear."

Silently she obeyed him. Then he took the "greenbacks," still in unbroken package and more than half hidden in what remained of the torn wrapper, carefully stowed the entire packet away in the heavy, lawyer-like envelope she gave him, then asked for light, his heavy seal and the wax from their nook in the old-fashioned desk. Sealing the packet with practised yet tremulous hand, he then carefully "docketed" the thick paper with the date and the major's name, then looked up into her eyes.

"He meant well, dear. It was natural that he should seek some way to be of service to us, but we cannot touch his money—we Armisteads. Hide it somewhere where it will be safe until it can be returned to him by trusty hands. He will not come again, daughter; he will not come again."

That night, when Hannah knocked twice at the door of her young mistress and could get no answer, she softly entered and found her, not asleep, but lying on the little white bed, sobbing as though her heart would break.

Stirring trumpet calls roused the echoes of the heights at early dawn, and when the little household peered from the windows they found the fields at the foot of the slope all alive with horsemen in light blue overcoats. For two days there remained in camp there a force of perhaps three squadrons; while others, apparently of the same regiment, were posted high up in the Gap or patrolled the roads to north and south. The commanding officer, with others, twice called at the homestead and asked to see the Judge, and as he was too feeble and ill to be disturbed, they inquired on their second visit for "the lady of the house," whom Hannah vainly sought to excuse. Miss Armistead would gladly have avoided an interview, but the lieutenant-colonel commanding sent up his card, and courteously requested that she would see him, as he had orders to communicate to some responsible member of the family. Determined to shield her father from every possible annoyance, she descended the stairs and found her visitors standing in the hall. It was late in the afternoon, and the light was dim.

"Will you step into the sitting-room?" she said. "The servant should have shown you there. We have no parlor."

"The servant did so, madam," said the elder of the two officers, "but explained that she had no light, and we did not wish to intrude more than was absolutely necessary. I called earlier in the day, but was unsuccessful; now I had no choice but to persist. Pardon me, may I ask who it is whom I have the honor of addressing?"

The lieutenant-colonel was a stately gentleman of over fifty years, and he spoke with a slightly foreign accent. It was evident that he wished to behave with all the consideration and courtesy possible, and Miss Armistead failed to experience the feeling of repugnance which, a year or two before, she was sure would manifest itself at the appearance of a "Yankee." She answered coldly, as became a daughter of Virginia, yet she liked the old soldier's manner.

"I am Miss Armistead," she answered. "My father is in feeble health, and I seek to spare him any care or worry. Did I understand you to say that you had orders to carry out, and that they concerned us in any way?"

"I deeply regret that such is the case, Miss Armistead"—and both officers were evidently trying to see as much of the fair face before them as the dim light permitted. "Orders which are imperative in their tone have reached me this day from the officer commanding all the Union forces now serving in this neighborhood. He has information, he says, that several officers of the Southern army, whose homes are in Fauquier and Prince William counties, are now somewhere about here. One has already been found, and among those believed to be hiding near at hand is Captain Henry Armistead, of Stuart's cavalry—your brother, I fear. It is most distressing to me to have to communicate this to one so young, so fair, so apparently unprotected," went on the gallant old dragoon, "but I am ordered to make strict search and to maintain a vigilant guard over the premises."

Lucy's heart sank within her. She knew how it would affect her father—it was her one thought now. She dreaded to think of the risk Henry would run if, despite the verbal caution she had charged Falconer to give him, he obeyed the summons in the letter she had earlier written. Resistance, protestation, she knew, would be useless. Frankness and courtesy might disarm even the enemy when he came in such courtly shape as that before her.

"I thank you for the consideration you show us, sir," was therefore her reply. "My brother is not here, if my word will suffice and save my father's privacy from disturbance; but there shall be no hinderance to making your search as thorough as you deem necessary. When will you begin?"

"That, at least, I reserve to myself, Miss Armistead. My orders did not say *immediate* search, and—it shall be at your convenience. My sentries, of course, were early posted so that none could pass in or out; and if you will kindly say how soon we may begin—I fear it must be this evening—I will myself be present, and you can rest assured that no intrusion will afterward be allowed. Who are you, sir?" he said, sharply, and turned in evident indignation upon a distinguished-looking officer who had suddenly appeared at the doorway. "I gave orders that no officer or man was to enter here without my authority. I do not know your face. What is your regiment?"

"The —— New Jersey, colonel," responded the officer, saluting, "which will account for my not knowing that you had given such orders. I am Captain Dayton, sir, and have just arrived from Washington. These papers will explain the object of my journey, but, as it is too dark for you to read them, let me say briefly that I am sent to find Major Kearny, who is believed to have accompanied your command, and whom I hoped to hear of here at Judge Armistead's."

Lucy started at the mention of the name, and stepped forward where she could more distinctly see the new-comer.

"Mr.—Major Kearny was here two nights ago, for not more than ten minutes," she answered, in low tone.

"And he went back to Washington or Alexandria the next morning, captain," said the field-officer. "I saw him start."

In deep and evident disappointment the stranger paused a moment. "Then my errand is fruitless," he said, as he slowly turned away. "My escort is tired with a long day's ride, colonel, and, with your permission, we will bivouac beside your command."

"By all means, sir, by all means. I will accompany you now. Miss Armistead, a thousand regrets for my unavoidable intrusion. I will leave my adjutant to receive your answer," and bowing low, the courteous old soldier took his leave.

An hour later, in silence and with every exertion of gentleness and consideration, the searching party—an officer with half a dozen men—ransacked every room in the house from garret to cellar, with two exceptions. The colonel forbade their entering Miss Armistead's or that of her father, by whose side she had taken her place. Underneath the window other soldiers—two officers, apparently—were talking in low but excited tones. What she heard nearly froze the blood in her veins.

"I tell you it is true. He was found dead as a door nail, shot through the heart, and there's no doubt that Kearny was the murderer. That's what they want him for."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW SENATOR FROM DELAWARE.

Anthony Higgins, the first Republican United States Senator from Delaware, was born in Red Lion Hundred, New Castle County, that State, on October 1, 1840. He entered upon a five years' course at Newark Academy and Delaware College at the age of thirteen, and in the autumn of 1858 entered Yale College, from which he was graduated in 1861 with the degree of A.B. During the two succeeding years he attended the Harvard Law School. He read law under William C. Spruance in Wilmington, and was admitted to the New Castle County bar in May, 1864. In September, 1864, he entered into partnership with Edward G. Bradford, of Wilmington, who was afterward appointed United States District Judge for Delaware. About the same time Mr. Higgins was appointed Deputy Attorney-General for Delaware under Attorney-General Jacob Moore. Mr. Higgins was appointed United States District Attorney for Delaware in 1869 by President Grant, which office he held until 1876, and since then has devoted himself exclusively to his large clientage.

The Senator-elect's first appearance in politics was in 1863, when he championed the cause of Nathaniel B. Smithers, the Union Republican candidate for Congress. Mr. Smithers was elected, and during that campaign Mr. Higgins attracted general attention by his brilliant oratory. Mr. Smithers was also a candidate in the late Senatorial race, and ran well notwithstanding his fourscore years.

The most notable achievement of Mr. Higgins at the bar was his successful defence of William Neal, a negro ravisher, in 1881. Neal had been convicted and sentenced to be hanged, but his counsel appealed the case to the United States Supreme Court on the ground that no colored men were allowed to serve on Delaware juries, and thereby won a reversal and new trial. Neal was subsequently acquitted. The case attracted wide-spread attention at the time.

Mr. Higgins is a man of pleasant address. He resides at 834 Market Street, in Wilmington, which is directly opposite to the residence of his colleague, Senator Gray. The Senator-elect is a bachelor, and his sister is mistress of his home.

He will succeed Eli Saulsbury in the Upper House of Congress, the latter having represented Delaware for eighteen successive years. After the 4th of next March, Delaware, for the first time since 1853, will be represented in the Senate by a person who is not a Bayard nor a Saulsbury, or who is any way affiliated with either dynasty. In religious belief the Senator-elect is a Presbyterian.

THE WEST SIDE.

There is nothing in the history of Manhattan Island more surprising than the suddenness with which a new city, in itself no mean city, has arisen, not exactly in its "midst," but on one side of it. Those persons who bought land between the Central Park and the Hudson River when the Central Park was laid out supposed, and had warrant in the growth of the city for supposing, that within a decade their purchases would be in demand for building. In fact a quarter of a century elapsed before they were able to sell, except to other speculative persons like themselves, whose patience and whose purses had not been exhausted by the steady drain of taxes and assessments. For many years before the building of the elevated roads these investors looked to rapid transit as their deliverance, and the main impulse to the building of these roads came from them. But it was some years after the roads were constructed before they had much effect upon the development of the west side. It still languished after the east side had been almost solidly built up from the City Hall to Harlem. Even five years ago the "original apartment house" of Mr. Fenn's sketch was the typical building of the region. The owners, once sanguine, but now saddened with hope deferred, were seriously concerned about the dispossession of the lawless and warlike squatters, when the advancing wave of civilization broke over the west side, and the squatter's villa is now in as rapid progress of extinction as the North American bison.

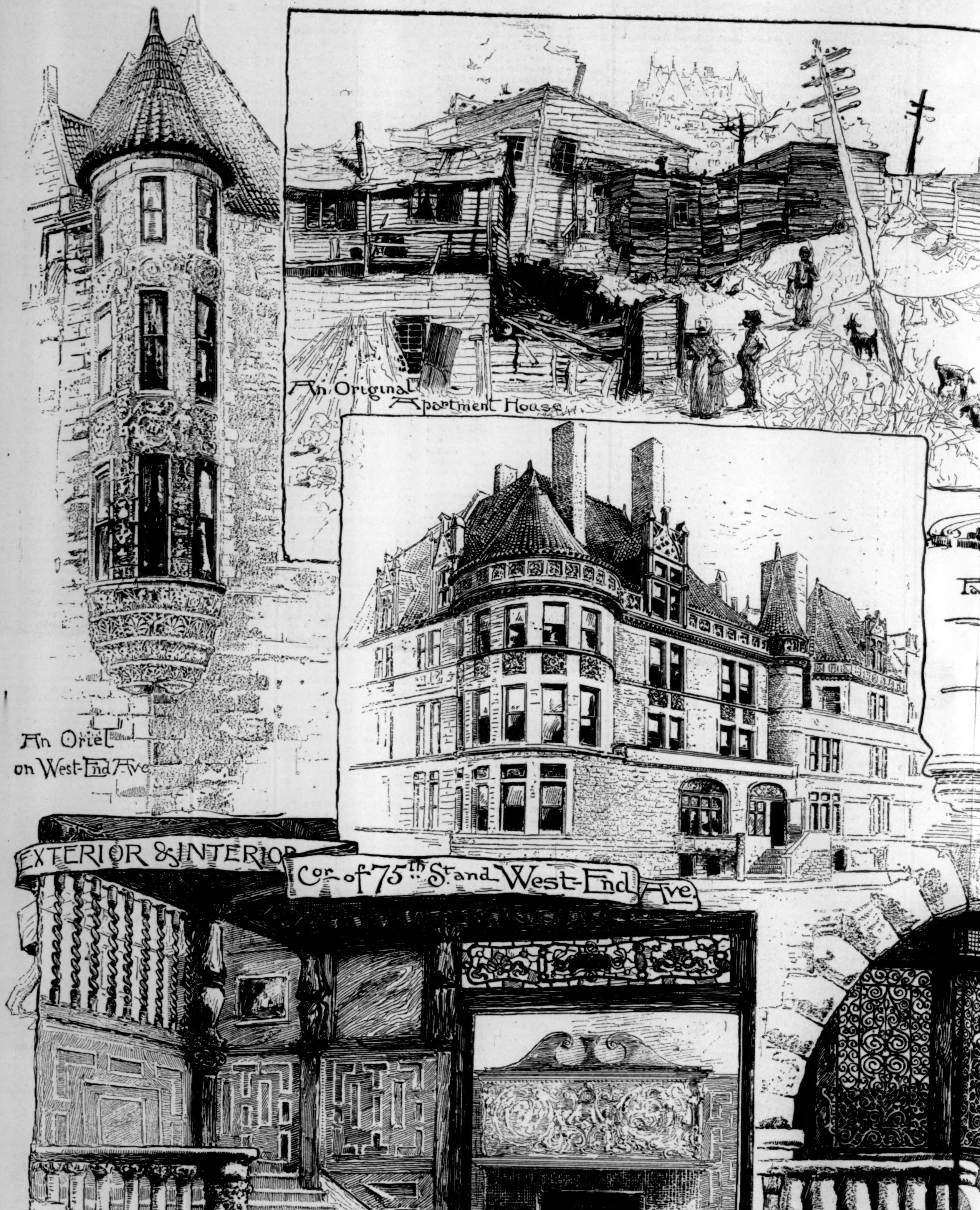
For when the development of the West Side did begin it began in earnest, and for the last five years it has been the centre of the building activity of the island. As regards its appearance it is perhaps fortunate that its development was delayed so long. Ten years earlier we should have had repeated over a new expanse those roofless rows of arid brown that border the residential streets from Washington Square to Central Park. Five years earlier the West Side would have fallen a prey to the short-lived fashion of Queen Anne, and unhappily the results of fashion are more durable in architecture than they are in millinery. It was the misfortune of the older part of New York that nobody's house was designed for him, and this misfortune went much deeper than the monotony of street fronts that it caused, depressing as this was. There was no more character in the interior than in the exterior of the houses, so far as the work of the builder went. When you knew where what the advertisements compendiously described as a "4 st., h. s., b. s., 20 ft." was, and whether or not it was in good repair, you knew all about it. It was as much a staple article, and as little subject to irregularities arising from the personal equation, as a bushel of wheat of a certain grade. It suited fairly what its builders took to be the normal New York family, but it did not suit any particular family exactly. An architect was regarded as an expensive and somewhat costly superfluity for a dwelling-house, and the speculative builder had things all his own way. He knew that there was a steady demand for the kind of house that he knew how to plan and build, and he knew that variation was dangerous.

It is by no means to be inferred that the speculative builder has altogether abdicated his architectural functions on the west side, but a change has come over his works. As twenty years ago he shunned difference, so now he shuns conformity. Whereas each house in a row of half a dozen below Fiftieth Street is the counterpart of every other, above Sixtieth an evident effort is made to make it unlike every other. The speculative builder, when he does his own designing, gives evidence that he has seen the dwellings that have been designed by artistic architects, and also that he has seen without studying them. The features introduced by them when reproduced by him are burlesqued; and when these features are transferred, in the greatest profusion and variety of which he is capable, to a row of three-storied sixteen-foot dwellings, the effect upon the beholder is confusing and distressing, and was accurately expressed by one beholder who declared that such a row of houses made him sea-sick. It is not always easy to decide between the latter and the former state of the speculative builder. But the general aspect of the West Side is so distinct an advance upon the general aspect of the middle city that we ought to take the reckless and restless work, if we must, along with the thoughtful and beautiful work, and be thankful.

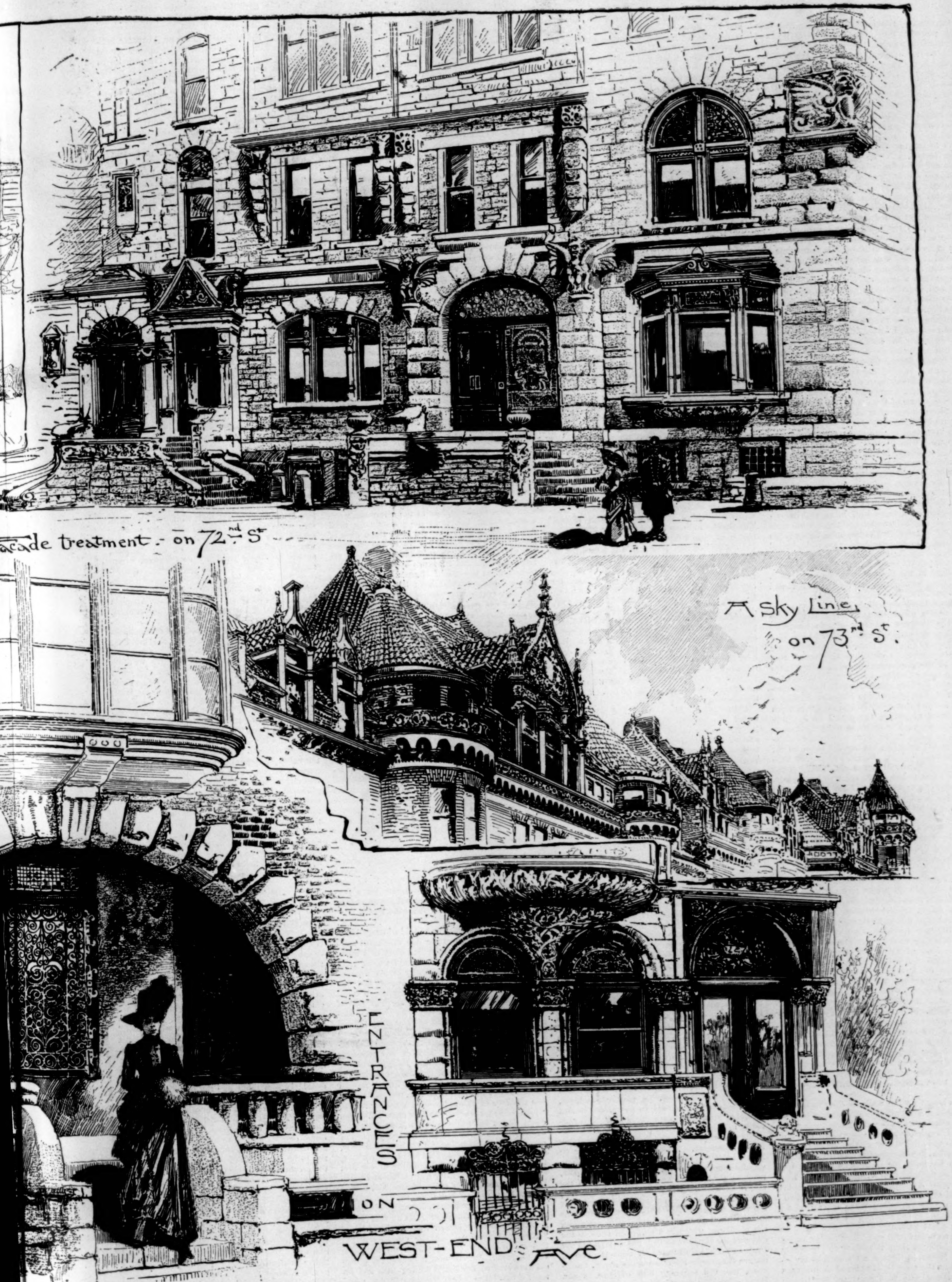
We ought to be especially thankful to the owner and the architect of the Dakota apartment house and of the long row of dwellings to the north of it. These edifices were the pioneers of the building on the west side, and they set an example worthy to be followed of domestic architecture that has attained animation and variety without losing sobriety and repose. It is not a little singular, by-the-way, that "Central Park West," as Eighth Avenue alongside of the Park is officially called, should have lagged behind the march of improvement, and should still be bordered almost exclusively with vacant lots. The street next most conspicuous, as the connecting avenue between Central Park and the Riverside Drive, is Seventy-second Street, and this is not fairly representative of the new city. The houses are for the most part built of cut stone, they are larger and costlier than those that give its character to the quarter, and they are not so well designed. Many of them exhibit the speculative builder in his maddest mood, and the best of them are by no means to be compared to the best of the brick houses in West End (Eleventh) Avenue and in the streets that open into it. It is a pity that so important a thoroughfare, and one from which transient visitors are apt to derive their impressions of the west side, should, as a whole, present so strongly the aspect of vulgar pretentiousness. The "façade treatment" noted by Mr. Fenn is perhaps the most noteworthy piece of architecture the street has to show, and the clever device of a heraldic beast with a wing displayed against either wall, to mask the transition from a square to a rounded corner, its most successful feature. But even here the treatment leaves much to be desired, as may be seen in the illustration, and as can be seen much more clearly in the actual buildings, with those parts restored which the artist has judiciously omitted.

Indeed one may say in general that the impression Mr. Fenn's drawings make of the architecture of the West Side is more favorable than that made by the buildings themselves, not merely because the objects depicted are "helped" by his pencil, but also because they are selected. The better architecture is not commonly an architecture of harmonious façades, but of "bits" and "features"—a thing more or less of shreds and patches. There are exceptions to this rule, and the most striking of them is furnished by the two groups of houses, one at the corner of West End Avenue and Seventy-third Street, and one at the corner of West End Avenue and Seventy-fifth Street. Of one of these groups the illustration shows the sky-line, and of the other the corner house. They are obviously the work of the same architect, and conspicuous not alone among the dwellings of the west side, but among the examples of domestic architecture in New York and in the United States, for careful, thoughtful, and successful design. The material of the walls is a dark rough brick, and the withdrawal of the joints gives a texture to the surface that pressed brick visibly needs. The wrought work is of dark brown stone, and the cornices and parapets of copper, shown and treated as metal, while steep and emphatic roofs of heavy tile crown the fronts. The features are not huddled or confused, and each is wrought out with skilful and successful care. The châteaux of the Loire have not inspired any contemporary designer to better purpose or to a more charming result. The demonstration these works convey that it is possible in a row of "speculation houses" to avoid both monotony and restlessness, and to achieve harmony and elegance, ought not to be lost upon the future builders of the West Side.

But the most grateful impression made by the West Side has little to do with the merits of its architecture. It is manifestly and emphatically a city of homes. The need for which New York philanthropists have vainly sought a remedy, and of which Philadelphians have persistently pointed out the existence, has been in good part supplied by the efforts of builders who were deeply unconscious of any philanthropic purpose. The builders of the West Side have enabled New-Yorkers who neither were nor expected to be rich to look forward with confidence to owning their own homes within the limits of Manhattan Island. This social and civic advantage would be worth attaining even if the speculative builder had deformed every one of the edifices by which it was offered.


An Oriel on West-End Ave.
An Original Apartment House
EXTERIOR & INTERIOR
Cor. of 75th St. and West-End Ave.
88

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE WEST SIDE OF NEW


acade treatment - on 72nd St
A Sky Line on 73rd St.
ENTRANCES ON WEST-END AVE

NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 67.]

SAN RAFAEL AND THE GOLDEN GATE.

CALIFORNIA, the land of sunshine and fruit and flowers; the poor man's paradise and the tourist's wonder! Whence the name? In 1535 no less a man than CORTEZ gave it to the peninsula, the word having been first used in the beginning of that century in a romance of chivalry. It designated an island lying "on the right hand of the Indies, very near to the terrestrial paradise," which was peopled with dusky Amazons, who fought their battles mounted on wild beasts, and carried weapons of gold—the only metal found on the island

As to the meaning of the word "California" there seems to be no crystallized conclusion. Some claim its derivation from the Latin words *calida* and *fornax* (Spanish, *caliente* and *fornalla*), meaning "hot furnace," which might have been suggested both by the heat and the Indian sweat-houses. But whatever its verbal origin, California means rest and delight and ozone and prolonged life to the brick-bound, furnace-dried people of the Atlantic and Middle States who have money enough to travel. It is the natural home of the *dolce non far niente*, and no one at peace with himself and the world should die there younger than a century. Native Spanish-Americans and Indians attain to a great age on the Pacific coast. CIMON AVILOS, living in 1873 at Todos Santos Bay, is said, on good authority, to have been one of the military guard that presented arms when Padre JUNIPERO SERRA raised the cross at the Mission San Diego, in July, 1769. The veteran had been a soldier in the Spanish army several years before that event, so that in 1873 he was at least 125 years old! If Saxon-Americans die suddenly and prematurely, it is because of fast living and over-hard working. The temperature of the coast is so equable as to demand no change of residence for comfortable existence throughout the year; the result is that a man may work himself and eat and drink himself to death if he pleases. Not a few San Franciscans are engaged in this edifying performance. Think what an empire is this "climate of perpetual spring," as Vancouver called California one hundred years ago.

Eight hundred miles in length, by 190 miles in width, California resembles a long parallelogram. Its coast line numbers 1097 miles, and its surface covers 157,000 square miles, or more than 100,000,000 acres. "The Yosemite Valley is the only scenery in America coming up to its brag," once exclaimed RALPH WALDO EMERSON. I am almost impelled to exclaim that California is the only *State* in the Union coming up to its brag, and it must be admitted that its brag is loud and continuous.

Beautiful as is much of California's coast, there is no region above Santa Barbara comparable with the northern boundary of San Francisco Bay, that noble and extended harbor which owes its discovery to devoted Franciscan fathers, whose twenty-one missions constitute California's sole claim to the picturesque in architecture. On leaving Lower California to carry northward the banner of the holy mother-church, that wonderful zealot, Father JUNIPERO SERRA, received orders from the Inspector-General of the Spanish government respecting the names of the proposed missions. The saints to whose patronage they were to be intrusted were carefully selected from the calendar, but among them all St. FRANCIS had no place. Shocked at this inexcusable neglect, Father JUNIPERO exclaimed, "Is not our own dear father, St. FRANCIS, to have a mission assigned to him?" "If St. FRANCIS wish a mission, let him show you a good port, and then it will bear his name," coolly replied the *visitador*.

Northward the missionaries journeyed until a splendid bay and harbor burst upon their astonished sight. Aloud the missionaries cried, "This, then, is the port to which the *visitador* referred, and to which the saint has led us—blessed be his name!"

Thus was San Francisco Bay christened, and the year that gave independence to the American colonies celebrated the founding of the Mission Dolores in what was formerly called Yerba Buena (Good Herb), and what is now San Francisco.

The first ship to enter San Francisco Bay was the *San Carlos*, which sailed through the strait on the night of August 5, 1775, and, after anchoring just inside the bay, on the next morning found good moorings under the shadow of an inviting island, which Captain AYALA named Nuestra Señora de los Angeles; now known as Angel Island—a government reservation used as a military post, commanded to-day by Colonel WILLIAM F. SHAFER, of the First United States Infantry.

There is a report that VISCAYNO entered San Francisco Bay in 1603; but if so, why has he made no mention of so wonderful a harbor on a coast where there are so few harbors? California has but two landlocked bays, San Francisco and San Diego.

There hangs on the walls of the Chamber of San Francisco's Board of Supervisors a portrait of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, the first Englishman "who ploughed a furrow round the world," the first Saxon to visit the shores of California, the first pale-face to give his name to the bay where, in 1579, he anchored for thirty-six days, and was received by the natives as a superior being. That bay lies only a few miles north of the Golden Gate, and the country was called "New Albion," because of the encircling white cliffs that reminded DRAKE of old England. It seems strange that the great navigator should have failed to discover so unique and splendid a harbor as lay south of him, yet there is nothing to prove that he did. Moreover, there is a tradition to the effect that at the time DRAKE visited California a wall of adamantine rock separated the Golden Gate from the Pacific Ocean, and that this wall fell into the sea at the stroke of a mighty earthquake which convulsed the land some years later.

What became of the waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers? Prior to this mighty convulsion of nature they sought the ocean through the Vajaro Valley.

Before DRAKE left this region he caused a post to be set up on shore, "a monument of our being there," writes his chaplain in *The World Encompassed;* "as also of her Majesty's & successors' right & title to that kingdom, namely, a plate of brass, fast nailed to a great & firm post, whereon is engraven her Grace's name, & the day & year of our arrival there, & of the free giving up of the province & kingdom, both by the King & people, into her Majesty's hands, together with her Highness's picture and arms in a piece of sixpence, current English money, showing itself by a hole made on purpose through the plate· underneath was likewise engraven the name of our General, &c." Where now are that post and plate of brass, and that imposing sixpence? They can only be found in history.

Through a Nicasio Indian named Theognis, who is said to have been one hundred and thirty-five years old at the time he told the story, there comes the legend that DRAKE, who was regarded as an Envoy of the Great Spirit, gave the Indians a dog, several young pigs, and seeds of different grains. Among his gifts were biscuit, which the Indians, in their sweet simplicity, planted in the hope of growing ready-made bread. Several of DRAKE's men are said to have deserted, and become so amalgamated with the natives as to have effaced all traces of themselves, saving in a few so-called Indian names like *Winnemucca*, which is Celtic, and others like *Nicasio* and *Novato*, which bear close resemblance to names of places on the island of Cyprus.

Thus history and legend throw a charming mantle around beautiful Marin County, which bounds the Golden Gate on the north. Whence came the fitting name of Golden Gate? Properly enough, from JOHN C. FREMONT, who, in his Memoir accompanying the map of Oregon and California, published at Washington in 1848, stated that the strait was "about one mile broad in the narrowest part, and five miles long from the sea to the bay," and was "called *Chrysopylæ* (Golden Gate) on the map, on the same principle that the harbor of Byzantium (Constantinople afterward) was called *Chrysoceras* (Golden Horn)." The Greeks were no better prophets of the commerce of the Bosporus than has been "the Pathfinder" of San Francisco's future. Yet no later than 1849, Mayor GEARY indignantly exclaimed: "At this time we are without a dollar in the public treasury, and it is to be feared the city is greatly in debt. You have neither an office for your magistrate *nor any other public edifice*. You are without a single police-officer or watchman, and have not the means of confining a prisoner for an hour. Neither have you a place to shelter, while living, sick and unfortunate strangers who may be cast upon your shores, or to bury them when dead. Public improvements are unknown in San Francisco. In short, you are without a single requisite for the promotion of prosperity, for the protection of property, or for the maintenance of order."

1849–1889! Forty years, and what a contrast! To-day San Francisco has all requisites for the promotion of prosperity, though it has availed itself of few, notwithstanding its commercial importance and great natural advantages. That its people can work wonders when they choose is proved by the pretty park which a few years ago was a drifting sand-dune with scarce a spear of grass upon it. Now tall trees, beautiful flowers, fine roads, make this former desert an afternoon resort for people on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. Men who have built cable-roads over myriads of high hills, transforming the torture of horse-car travel into a perennial pleasure, have no excuse for their general neglect of what ought to be a beautiful city. The wooden sidewalks are a terror to human toes, and the rough, ill-conditioned pavements are as disgraceful as those of New York. What worse criticism can be passed? But insatiate man, greedily pursuing the almighty dollar regardless of his own and his neighbor's comfort, cannot kill nature, and Mayor GEARY's taunt that San Francisco has no shelter for "the unfortunate stranger, living or sick," is, in one sense, no longer a fact. The hospitals of the myriad-hilled city are found in its charming suburbs, none of which is so alluring as the valley of San Rafael, once an Indian sanatorium, in 1817 the scene of the founding of the last actual Franciscan mission, and to-day the home of many prominent citizens of the Pacific's metropolis.

The average wealth of the inhabitants exceeds that of any other California town of equal population, and its culture keeps pace with its riches. EMERSON tarried here with a devoted admirer, and ALBERT BIERSTADT passed two winters in this valley, which he declared to be the Wetterhorn in miniature, looking west. A picturesque hotel, where one is not starved to death, makes San Rafael as attractive to travellers as it is to residents, and long I tarried there, detained by delightful excursions up mountains or to the neighboring sea-shore. Better roads can hardly be found in this country, and the broad carriage-way leading to the summit of Mount Tamalpais, twenty-eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, is as worthy of ascent as is Arthur's Seat, overlooking Edinburgh, about which Americans are wont to rave. San Franciscans themselves have little appreciation of this graceful mountain, the outline of which is a perpetual feast to the eye, and the view from which has no equal in the United States. Northward stretches the arm of the sea that meets the Sacramento River, northward, too, roll the high hills of Sonoma and Marin counties, perpetually green wherever trees abound. Southward glitters San Francisco Bay, with its bustling city and beautiful presidio, with its populated islands, its steamers, ships, and industrious ferries. Westward extends the broad Pacific Ocean, with nothing to break the expanse of water between America and Japan but the three desolate rocks known as the Farallones, thirty miles away, uninhabited saving by a light-house keeper and birds. Eastward lie the pretty town of Oakland, the university town of Berkeley, the coast range of mountains in the dim distance, and Monte del Diablo, looming up near by, as though unwilling that Tamalpais should shine without a rival. The name of this noble mountain, twelve hundred feet higher than Tamalpais, but less effective, as it does not rise immediately from the sea, recalls a tradition of its origin related by General VALLEJO. According to this distinguished and venerable pioneer, in 1806 a contest took place on the western base of this mountain between a military expedition from San Francisco and an Indian tribe called Bolgones. While both troops and Indians were encamped, an amazing figure, arrayed in extraordinary plumage, appeared on the side of the Bolgones, who, when victory crowned their efforts, departed up the mountain.

"'Tis an evil spirit," said the defeated soldiers, and straightway that great landmark became the devil's mountain, though California's Legislature has baptized it Contra Costa.

The scenery northwest of Tamalpais is dominated by Tomales Bay, that, like a long, slim, sinuous finger, pierces Marin County for fourteen miles. Still farther west, Point Reyes, with its light-house and siren, looks abruptly out to sea; while Drake's Bay, with its many inlets, blinks sleepily the year round, protected from wind and wave by the Point's high rocks. Nearer Tamalpais, and almost at its feet, lies Bolinas Bay, with its little town of fishermen and summer boarders.

Though Bolinas was settled in 1834, its first floor was laid in 1850—fourteen by twenty—to celebrate the wedding of MARIA BRIONES and FRANCISCO SEBREAN, at which friends danced to the music of violin and guitar. Early that bridal morning the happy pair mounted a single horse, rode twenty-five miles to the mission of San Rafael, and, kneeling at the altar, were made man and wife by good Father SANTILLA. Returning as they came, these young people were received with great rejoicing, late in the afternoon, when barbecue and ball kept the guests busy until dawn. Times have changed since those days of sweet simplicity; yet human nature was even then the same, though "the old blacksmith" of Bolinas Bay emulated DIOGENES by living in a cask picked up on the beach. Rags and leaves served as the "blacksmith's" bed; but unlike DIOGENES, this Forty-niner went about with no lantern in search of an honest man. He navigated the bay on a raft propelled by a long pole, and wherever he went a cat and a pig followed, even swimming after him when left on shore. Barefooted, half naked, eating clams, fish, and game caught by himself, this weird "blacksmith" cared for naught but cat and pig and fire. Wherever he stopped, day or night, winter or summer, he built a great fire and sat by it. Then, when traders came to the settlement, the "blacksmith" betook himself from fire to fire-water, greatly to the grief of cat and pig and the inhabitants of Bolinas. Coming to the Point one day for his allowance of whiskey, the "blacksmith" found every door closed, and every human being away from home. Enraged at being thwarted in his object, the hermit wreaked his vengeance upon the innocent inhabitants by pouring out all the fresh water about the houses and replacing it with water from the bay. He even went so far as to bale out the one small spring and fill it with salt-water. The suppers that night at Bolinas were mingled with strange anathemas. That product of the Forties now sleeps on the brow of a hill overlooking the bay in a smaller house than his old cask. In 1857, at the age of sixty, the "blacksmith" stared death in the face and then revealed the secret of his life. He had murdered his wife! Cat and pig and memory—what companions for a perturbed spirit! No wonder he sat by great fires to keep off the chill of his own conscience!

There's many a story to be told of every bit of scenery the eye scans from this wonderful summit of Tamalpais, the crowning glory of a county that owes its name to the old Indian chief MARIN, converted to Christianity by the Franciscans of San Rafael and who crossed the bay many a time and oft on his boat made of tules. He aided ARGUELLO in guiding the first raft of lumber safely across the bay from Corte de Madera, at the eastern base of Tamalpais; "and thereby hangs a tale." Very dilapidated was the presidio when, in 1822, LUIS ANTONIO ARGUELLO became Comandante. Lumber was necessary for repairs, so ARGUELLO sent soldiers to Corte de Madera by the way of San José, crossing the strait of Carquinez on rafts, and thence around by the way of Sonoma, Petaluma, and San Rafael—a distance of 120 miles—to the timber region, which by water was only twelve miles off. Man could march but timber could not, so ARGUELLO determined to build a launch for the purpose of necessary transportation. One carpenter only, an Englishman, happened to be in the country, to whom was confided the building of the first vessel in the bay, and after many trials and tribulations the small craft was launched, and turned to good account; but how dared the Comandante to build a vessel without consulting his imperious Excellency Governor SOLA? "It is insubordination!" exclaimed the infuriated SOLA. "There are smugglers on the coast—may not this suspicious craft be intended for the same vile purpose? Or why may it not aid the piratical Russians at Bodega in killing seals and otters? Seize the vessel," ordered SOLA, "and summon ARGUELLO to my presence at Monterey." Surprised, but without a murmur, the patriotic soldier mounted his horse and travelled night and day until he reached the capital, weary, bruised, and lame, as his horse had stumbled and thrown him badly.

With a naked sword for a cane, ARGUELLO hobbled before the Governor, whose temper was at boiling-point. How dared the Comandante to build a launch on his own responsibility? Because the houses of officers and soldiers were indecent, and all had agreed to help themselves as best they could without aid from the royal treasury. Running to seize his staff, for the purpose of using it in castigation, Governor SOLA noted that ARGUELLO, who had been leaning upon his sword, assumed a firmer position.

"What do you mean by that movement?" quickly asked SOLA.

"I mean two things," replied ARGUELLO. "First, convenience; second, because as a soldier and a man of honor I will not allow myself to be beaten without defending myself."

For the first time the bully found his master. Gazing fixedly at ARGUELLO, the Governor put aside his cane, extended his hand, and going to his intended victim, said: "This is bearing worthy of a soldier and a man of honor. I solicit your friendship. Blows are only for the pusillanimous scamps who deserve them."

From that time forth SOLA and ARGUELLO were friends; but the launch, which had been brought to Monterey was found so useful that it never got back to the presidio, and ARGUELLO sighed in vain for his timber.

From that day to this, Tamalpais has been a prey to the woodman's axe, yet still the mountain is densely wooded, and is rich in those wonderful "redwoods," own cousins to the Sequoias (Big Trees), and their superior in all but size. Limbs are more frequent, foliage is denser, and symmetry is more perfect. Containing a large amount of iron and no pitch, redwood resists the action of water without signs of decay for years. It receives a beautiful finish, and can be made to resemble rosewood so closely as to deceive even experts. Shrinking less than pine in drying, it is specially valuable for the outside of houses when there is no pressure upon it. On the other hand, being extremely brittle, a two-inch redwood plank resting on the ends will not support the weight of an ordinary man. It splits quickly. Not long ago the county jail at Redwood City, San Mateo County, was built wholly of this delusive wood, and, as a consequence, any prisoner armed with a penknife could quickly cut his way out of durance. When, on one occasion, several prisoners suddenly disappeared, it was stated by a San Francisco journal that the escape had been accomplished by means of a table-spoon and a tenpenny nail. "Not at all," wrote the jail-breakers from Livermore Pass, Alameda County, then a favorite resort for desperadoes. "One of us, in standing on one foot while drawing a boot off the other, slipped, and falling backward, went through the side of the building, landing on his head outside. Seeing what mischief had been done, and supposing we'd be charged for the same, we concluded that we'd 'vamose the ranch.' When the rainy season sets in and camping out becomes unpleasant, we'll return to jail, provided the county agrees to charge us nothing for repairs, and makes our quarters water-tight and comfortable."

Half-way down Tamalpais glitters lovely Lagunitas (little lake), that supplies San Rafael with the best water in California, and as we return to the valley, twelve miles away, with its villas and gardens, its vineyards and orchards, its numberless drives and rides, its mountain views and glimpses of the bay, I wonder why Americans cross the Atlantic for scenery and climate. Surrounded by hills, protected from the sharp air of the ocean by beneficent Tamalpais, San Rafael deserves to be called the Sanatorium of Central California. To her sun and evergreen slopes, her hospitality and beauty, I owe ten weeks of happiness and more than ten weeks of health.

KATE FIELD.

WAGNER'S "DAS RHEINGOLD."

IN *Das Rheingold*, which was brought forward for the first time in America at the Metropolitan Opera-house on January 4th, WAGNER came nearer than any dramatist has ever come to realizing the suggestions of the *Manager* to the *Poet* in the first prologue to GŒTHE's *Faust*. He has spared neither "pictures nor machines," made prodigal use of at least "the greater light of heaven," employed "water, fire, and rocky walls" without stint, and if he has not literally traversed the universe "from heaven, through the world to hell," has at least made a promenade from Walhalla through the Rhine to the sulphurous and cavernous depths of Nibelheim. In producing the four dramas which constitute WAGNER's tragedy, *The Ring of the Nibelung*, the management has proceeded in something like the order followed by WAGNER in writing them. Every student of WAGNER knows that the tetralogy grew backward. The poet had finished the drama now known as *Die Götterdämmerung* before the ambition rose within him to imitate the Greek poets and construct a trilogy out of the poetical material to be found in Scandinavian mythology and the great mediæval epic of Germany. *Siegfried's Death*, as the drama was called, knew nothing of the destruction of the old gods. That element was introduced when the scope of his plan was widened, and when in the widening process WAGNER got farther and farther away from the historical alloy, which in Germany had got mixed with the original metal, until he had put behind him every trace of the world of reality except that which is elemental. This he accomplished in *Das Rheingold*.

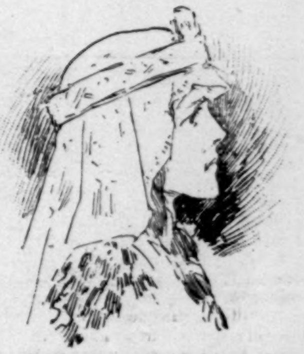
Its theatre is on, about, and in the earth, but its actors are in no wise related to humanity; they are the creatures whom we meet in the Eddas and Sagas of the North, the fabulous imaginings of the Scandinavian minstrel and sagaman. Only their names have been transliterated. The effect of the emancipation of the tale from everything historical upon the mind of such an imaginative, fertile, and ingenious master of stage-craft as **Wagner** can be imagined. The play is designed as the prologue to a tragedy of Hellenic proportions, dealing with one of the great problems of human existence. By pushing the action back to a period which places no fetters upon the fancy, **Wagner** was enabled to present that problem free from all conventionalities of thought and feeling, and to appeal to the imagination of his public with all the adjuncts and paraphernalia of fairy-land. He does this so successfully as to make the *blasé* play-goer wish for the intellectual *naïveté* and high imagination of childhood, so that the enjoyment of the mimic miracles might be made perfect through faith. Alas, that prying reporters and artists should have found their way behind the scenes to tell us that the playful nixies are strapped in saddles, mounted on a frame-work and carriage, and that their motions are regulated by cranks manipulated by men who have had to study the score in order to know when and how to make Alberich's tormentors approach and elude him. Alas, too, that the same disillusionists should have insisted on showing us the rainbow from the rear, and exposing all the wires in fairy-land!

Critical judgment has denied the same measure of poetical and musical beauty to *Das Rheingold* that is possessed by the other dramas of the tetralogy; but for this there is compensation in its greater pictorial attractiveness. The most opulent scenes in such operas as *The Queen of Sheba*, *Ferdinand Cortez*, *The Prophet*, and *L'Africaine*, with all their glistening tinsel and pageantry, do not delight the eye half so much as the picture disclosed by the first parting of the curtain in *Das Rheingold*. By ingenious use of gauze screens, painted canvas, and light effects the stage is made to seem filled from floor to flies with water. Below is the rocky bed of the Rhine. Strange plants creep up the side, where gnarled roots project into the water. Above, a faint light plays over the rippling surface. Gradually the music of the introduction, which had begun with a single deep tone, becomes more animated; there is no change in the melody or harmony from beginning to end, but the addition of instruments with lighter and lighter tone-color, and the augmentation of the wavy accompaniment, suggest to the ear the growing light which the eye detects in the picture. Floating up and down, as if on the flux and reflux of the music, three nixies appear swimming around a jagged rock in the middle of the scene. They are the Rhinedaughters, whose duty it is to guard the magical gold. Careless creatures, they sing and gambol with each other; then, seeing the dwarf Alberich crawling among the rocks below, engage him in tormenting dalliance. Alberich has become enraged at his pretty tantalizers, when a ray of sunlight falls upon the gold, which lies in a cleft at the summit of the jagged rock, and now begins to glow. The increasing refulgence is seen and heard simultaneously, for as the new light floods the scene, orchestra and singers break out into a ravishing apostrophe to the gold. The secret of its power if wrought into a ring by one who has forsworn love is prattled away by the nixies. Alberich clambers up the rock, renounces love, and seizing the gold, plunges into the depths. Darkness shrouds the nixies, whose merry music runs out into gloomy plaints.

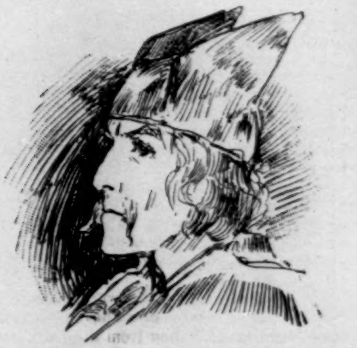
This description is not fanciful. All that is here told is done, and the pleasure which the eye derives from one of the loveliest stage illusions ever conceived is intensified by the beautiful music, which has a marvellous descriptive potency that almost makes the ear share the function of sight. In the second scene we are brought to the abode of the gods, or rather in its vicinity, and made a witness of the debate between the giants Fafnir and Fasolt on one side, and the celestial personages of the play on the other, for the possession of Freia. She is the Venus of the North, and (in **Wagner**'s scheme) the guardian of the golden apples which rejuvenate the gods. She had been promised to the giants as a reward for the building of Walhalla, a magnificent castle which gleams in the sunlight on the opposite bank of the Rhine. As Odin had to pay a ransom for the killing of Otter in the Scandinavian tale, so now Wotan is asked to ransom Freia with the treasures that Alberich had heaped up in Nibelheim through the power of the ring. Wotan is as anxious as the giants to possess the ring, and when old age and decrepitude are threatened by the loss of Freia and her apples of gold, he and Loge descend to Nibelheim, bind Alberich, drag him to the surface, and compel him to buy his liberty with the Nibelung hoard and magic ring. In the caverns of Nibelheim the rocks glow with the reflection of forge fires, and the clang of hammers falling upon anvils fills the ear; for the Nibelungs are workers in metals. Under the walls of Walhalla the gods compel Alberich to ransom himself, and Wotan robs him of the ring. The dwarf burdens it with a curse, thus introducing into the drama the evil principle which accomplishes the destruction of all its heroes till restitution is made and expiation accomplished by the death of Siegfried and the immolation of Brünnhilde. The ring goes to the giants as part of Freia's ransom, and the strife between gods, giants, dwarfs, and demi-gods for its possession having been begun, the gods enter Walhalla, crossing the Rhine on a rainbow bridge (the *Bifröst* of the Eddas) which Donner builds by reason of his dominion over the storm elements. Loge lingers in doubt for a while. As the god of fire and the restless representative of the destructive principle, he has pervaded every scene except the first, his red cloak fluttering, eyes, hands, feet, body moving synchronously with a fitful chromatic phrase that crackles and flashes and flickers through the orchestra whenever he takes part in the action. As for the other gods, they present themselves to the spectators in picturesque robes and ornaments copied from the oldest relics of Scandinavian antiquity. The defects in the Metropolitan representations, judged by the standard set by Baireuth, Vienna, Munich, or Dresden, are exceedingly few, and mostly in the mechanical department, and due to structural defects in the stage.

H. E. **Krehbiel.**

Macbeth at the Lyceum.



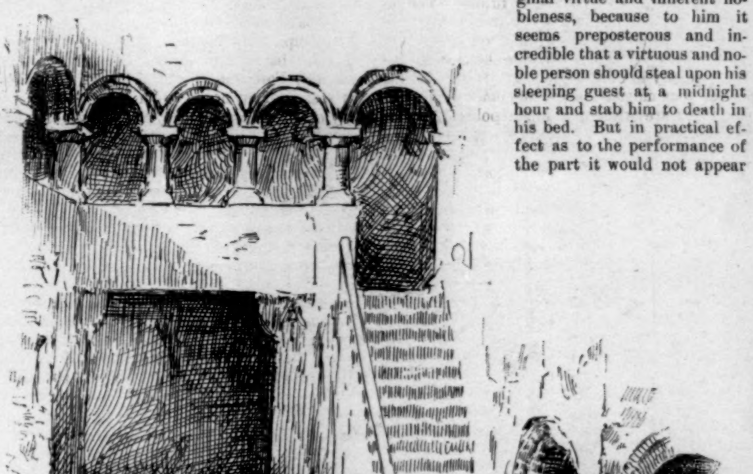
ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH.



HENRY IRVING AS MACBETH.

On September 18, 1875, at the Lyceum Theatre in London, **Henry Irving** appeared as Macbeth for the first time. He had not yet assumed the management of that theatre, but he had gained his great success there in Hamlet, having played that part for two hundred consecutive nights, and he was in the flood-tide of public favor; so that whatever he might do was sure to be regarded with respect and interest. He acted Macbeth for eighty nights, and he revived it for six weeks on December 16, 1876. Since then he has left it untouched, until now he once more brings it forward at the Lyceum, presenting it with such magnificence of environment as certainly never was lavished on it before. The new revival was accomplished on December 29, 1888. Macbeth is played by **Irving**; Lady Macbeth by **Ellen Terry.**

No actor troubles the waters so much as **Henry Irving** does. The strength of his character, the originality of his mind, the resolute persistency of his purpose, the charm of his temperament, and the great vitality of his conduct unite to make him an extraordinary figure and a potent force in the world of art and in the cultured circles of society. His appearance in any character is a signal for division of opinion. His appearance as Macbeth started a critical controversy, which now bursts forth afresh. His advocates hail the embodiment as a conspicuous illustration of the beauty and felicity of method with which he invests an ideal creation with the attributes of humanity, and thus interprets the Shakespearian original, not as a poetic abstraction or a stage figure, but as an actual, possible, and comprehensible human being. His assailants, on the contrary, while they concede that his acting is at times magnificent, declare that he has misunderstood the drift of the tragedy, and that the ideal of Macbeth presented by him is absolutely false. The historical accuracy of scenes and dresses, the copious variety of embellishment, the felicitous adjuncts, and in general the weird splendor with which he has produced the tragedy are admitted on every hand, and are not only admitted, but warmly extolled. Mr. **Margetson**'s drawings, which appear with this paper, partially indicate the magnificence of the revival. The stairway above delineated is composed of massive stone steps.



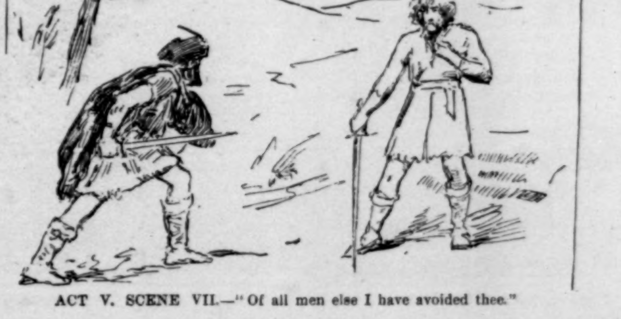
ACT II., SCENE I.

Mr. **Irving**, it would appear, apprehends Macbeth from a point of view that no other actor or student of the part has taken. He insists that a man capable of such damnable treachery and such horrible crimes can never have had any good in him; that Macbeth is radically wicked. He perceives that Macbeth suffers from remorse, or from something like it, but he perceives that this suffering precedes as well as follows the murder of Duncan, and therefore, and for other reasons, he concludes that the sensibility of Macbeth is not moral, but poetical, meaning thereby that it is unreal. According to this view the real Macbeth is to be sought, not in his words, but exclusively in his deeds. He intends from the first to murder the King, to murder the Prince of Cumberland, to murder Banquo, to murder anybody and everybody who stands between his ambition and the Scottish throne. It was he who first conceived the plan of killing Duncan, and broke that enterprise to his wife by letters—not by any means a new doctrine. Once entered on his career of assassin and butcher, he stops at nothing. He is wading in blood, and it were as tedious to turn back as to proceed. He will slaughter even the little children of his adversary—"his wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls that trace him in his line." Yet all the while he is in misery, because all the while his fine poetic intuition, his imaginative grasp of life and of its mysterious and sublime environments, make him acutely aware of the enormity of his conduct, the consequences, both horrible and pathetic, of his dastardly deeds, "the pity of it," and the utter emptiness of all that he has gained. In other words, Macbeth is a ruffian who halts at no crime for the accomplishment of his purpose, but who is continually avenged upon himself through the excess of his poetic sensibility. Another man would suffer through conscience; Macbeth suffers through imagination. This seems to be—in part, at least, and as nearly as can be determined from report, and not from vision—Mr. **Irving**'s position. He cannot accept the old doctrine of Macbeth's original virtue and inherent nobleness, because to him it seems preposterous and incredible that a virtuous and noble person should steal upon his sleeping guest at a midnight hour and stab him to death in his bed. But in practical effect as to the performance of the part it would not appear to make any difference whether Macbeth suffers from the stings of conscience or the stings of imagination, so that he suffers. The probability is that Mr. **Irving** is in fact acting Macbeth in a spirit of subtle sympathy with the poetry of **Shakespeare**'s conception, albeit with some deficiency of robust and massive physique, and with some excess of metaphysical analysis, and that the commotion that has been created by his performance among critics of the drama is due in a far greater degree to what he has said or caused to be said about Macbeth than to anything that he has done in playing it. He would be apt to disappoint the conventional view of Macbeth, which insists on his being a Hercules; but if, as his censors allege, his Macbeth is almost effeminate in his lack of moral courage and in his frequent moments of terror-stricken collapse, there is no reason to suppose that he disappoints those who are true judges of the dramatic art. A performance as it is may differ very widely from a performance as it seems to be in the hair-splitting analysis of an ideal on paper. Mrs. **Siddons** was great in Lady Macbeth, but her essay on the character is not deemed indicative of her greatness in it. The figure of **Irving**'s Macbeth in his gold armor must be a thrilling presence, and his desperate fight at the last is said to be a tremendous spectacle of delirious valor.

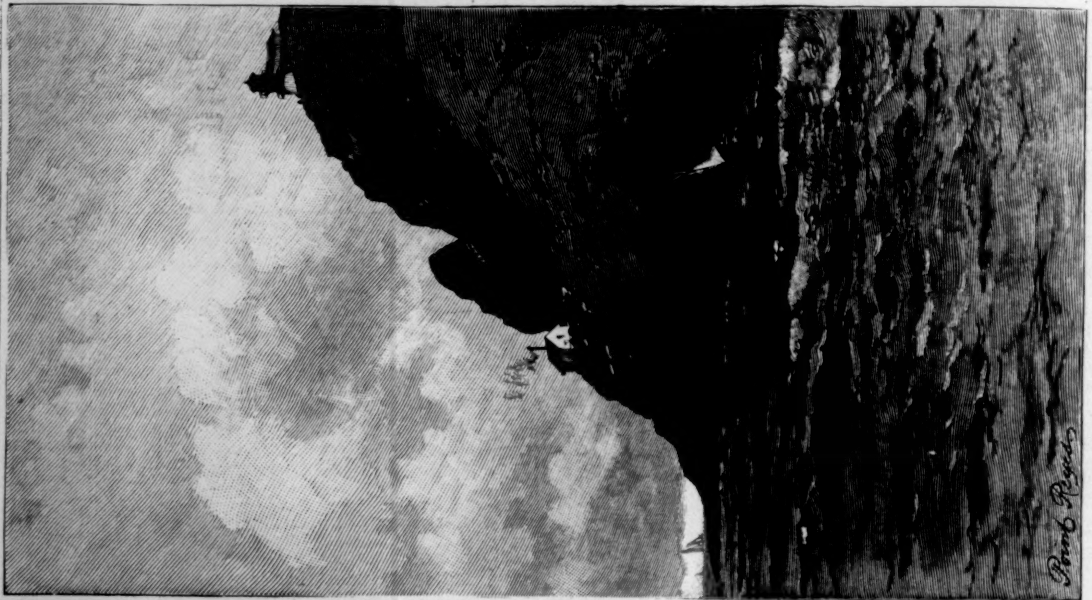
With the old theory of Macbeth most readers are familiar. He is, at the outset, a heroic soldier, "Bellona's bridegroom," "worthy Macbeth." But there is a germ of evil in him, and the forces of evil that have ruled the world—embodied and indicated by the three witches—are enabled to obtain possession of him. "Something wicked this way comes." Both Macbeth and his wife are dominated by fiends. Both are wicked, but the man is weaker in his wickedness than the woman, because prescient, imaginative, and even tender, and therefore he is the more ruthless and bloody. Remorse and fear, reacting on a courageous nature, drive it into an insane fury, and that is mostly the condition of Macbeth. The pathos of the tragedy arises from the utter inability of these doomed creatures to escape their terrible destiny of evil. Their loneliness upon the barren eminence of sin to which they have mounted almost breaks the heart to witness. Nothing in literature is more touching than the cold and solitary anguish of these two ravaged figures standing together in the deserted and silent banquet-room after the scene of Banquo's ghost. When Macbeth and his Queen are acted in the spirit indicated by these views, the tragedy is made no less significant to the heart than impressive to the imagination. That great actress **Charlotte Cushman** declared that Macbeth is the great-grandfather of all the Bowery ruffians; but that is a mistake. He loses all grandeur and all sympathy, and furthermore all interest, when he is presented in that guise.

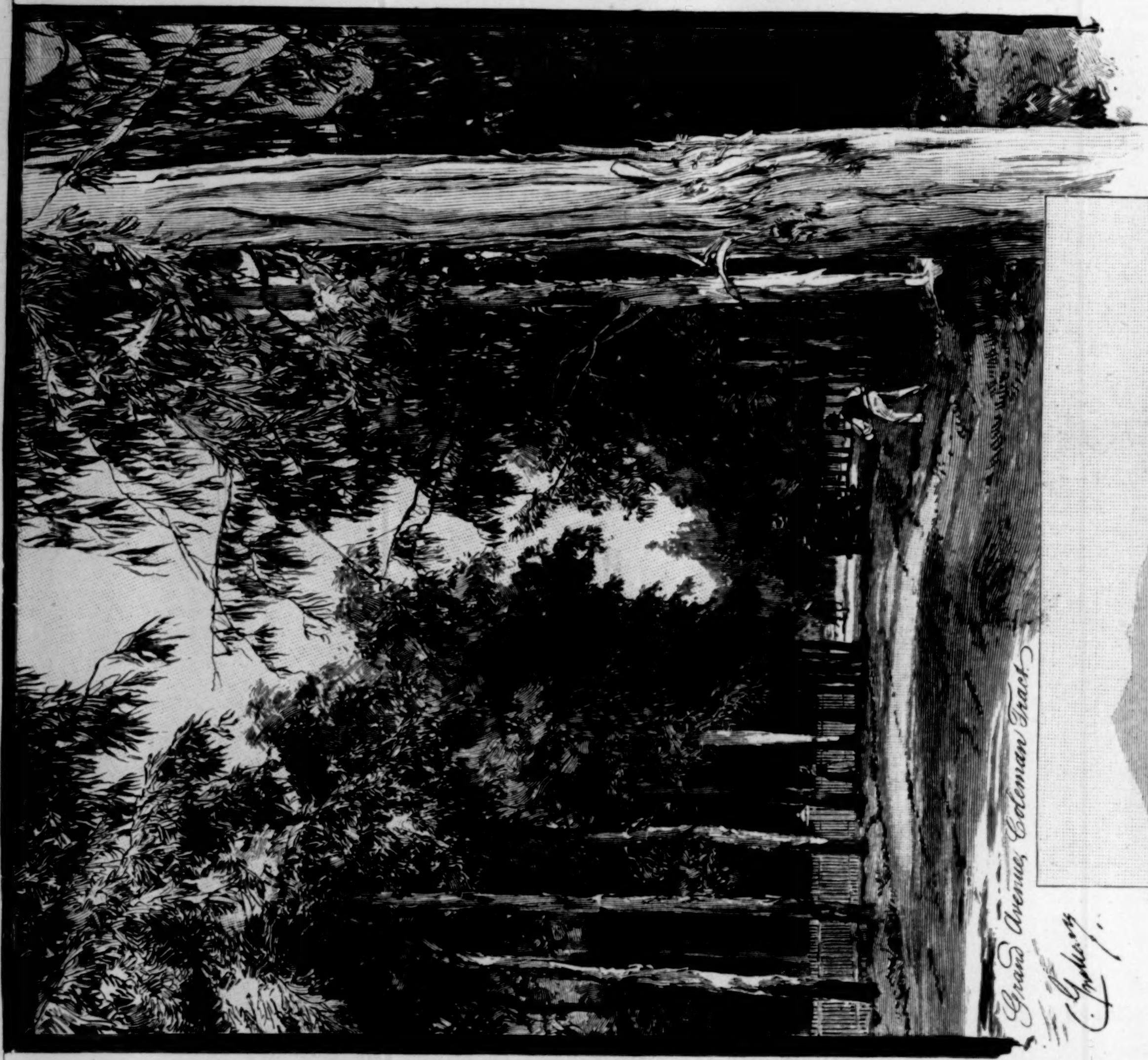
There was great curiosity about **Ellen Terry** as Lady Macbeth, and much the same thing is said of it that is said of its companion performance: the acting is superb, the ideal incorrect. Those actors who grasp a character by intuition are always better, however, than those who think their way to it, and **Ellen Terry** was always strong in her intuitions. The ideal of Lady Macbeth that she would naturally form would be that of the fragile, fascinating woman, not the masculine termagant. Mrs. **Siddons** thought that Lady Macbeth should be slender and delicate, full of fire and spirit, but exquisitely feminine. It is certain that Macbeth loves her. A really minute, profound, and truthful exposition of this aspect of the matter has never been given upon the stage—unless it is given now—and it would be of great interest. **Shakespeare**, we may be very sure, did not leave it out of his scheme. No man is any longer a mystery when you know the woman who is in his heart. **Ellen Terry** seems to have made Lady Macbeth a ruler of her husband through his love for her, and not through her superior force of character or her insensibility to danger, horror, or sin. And she has evidently depicted with heart-breaking fidelity to nature the hopeless remorse—which is not contrition—the desolate blank of silent, corroding misery, with no possibility of repentance or relief, and no fear of the future, because nothing can be more terrible and afflicting than the present, under which the frail body of the Queen weakens, till at last, "by self and violent hands," she puts a period to her mortal woe and sleeps forever.

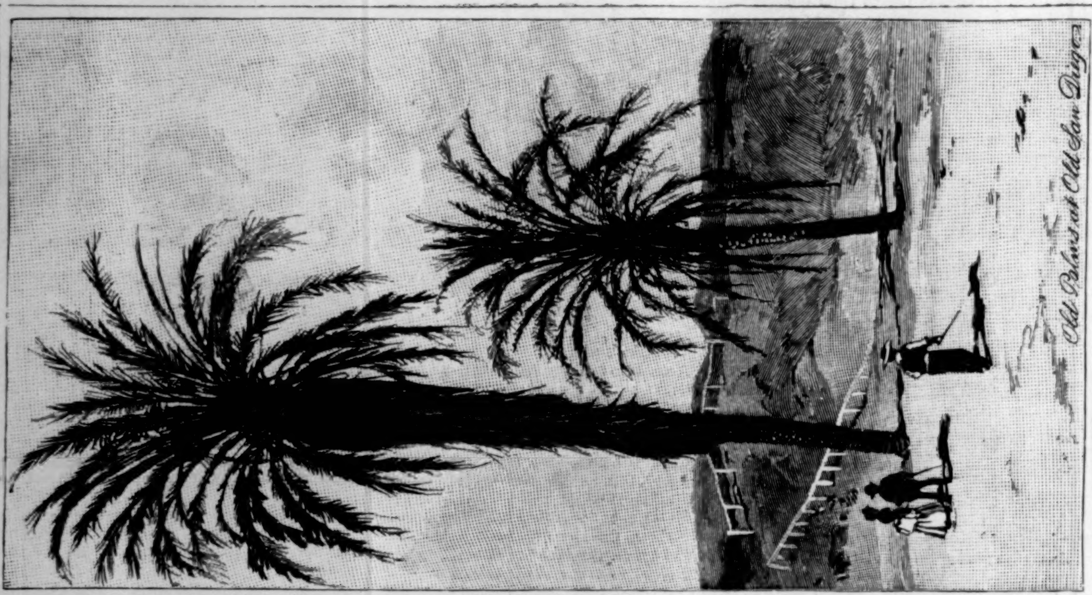
William Winter.

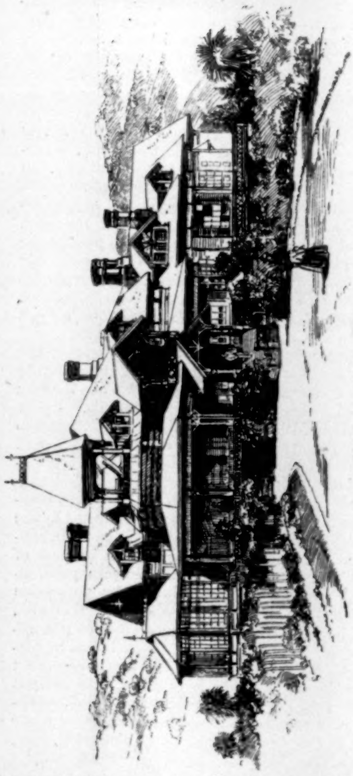


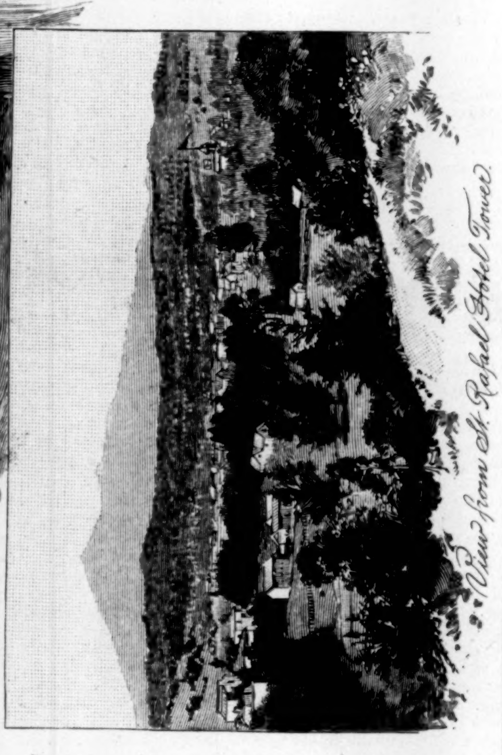
ACT V. SCENE VII.—"Of all men else I have avoided thee."

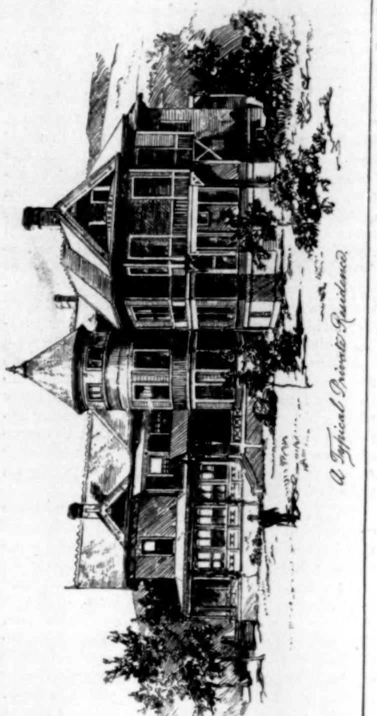

Point Reyes.


Grand Avenue, Coleman Tract.

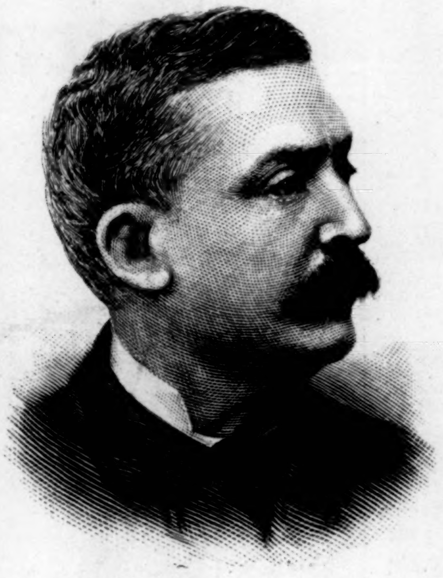

Old Palms at Old San Diego.


Hall McAllister's Home.

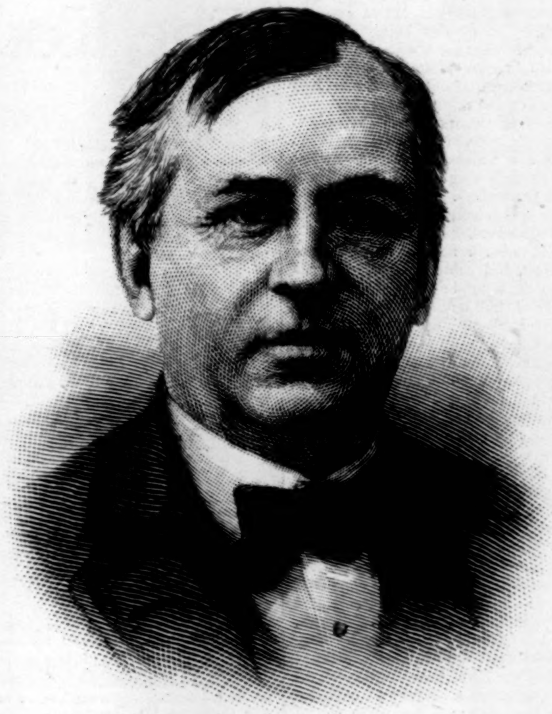

View from St. Rafael Hotel Tower.


A Typical Private Residence.

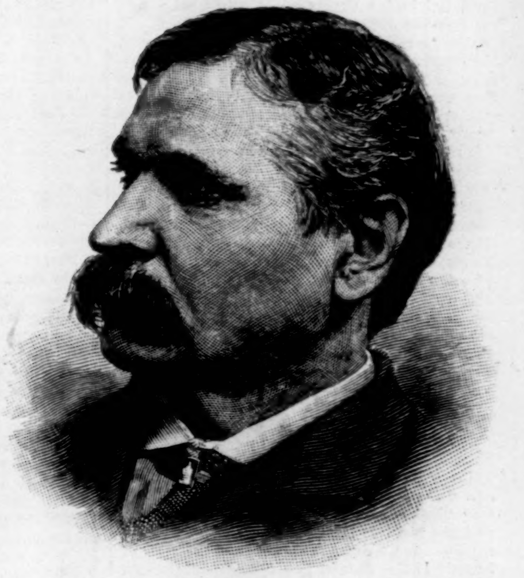
SAN RAFAEL AND THE GOLDEN GATE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 70.]



UNITED STATES SENATOR MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 74.]



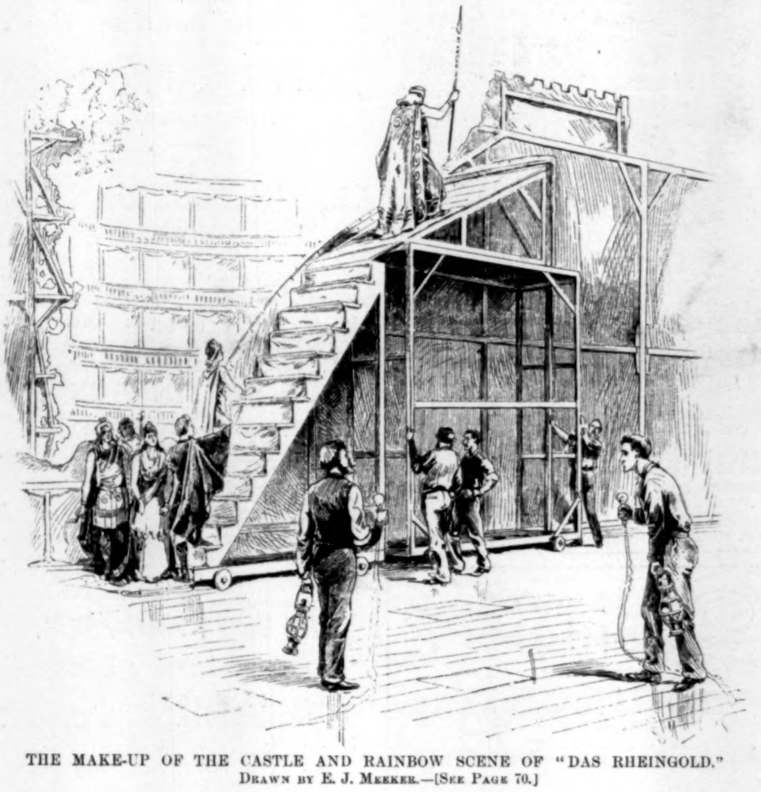
JOHN WANAMAKER, OF PHILADELPHIA.—From a Photograph by W. C. Taylor & Co., Philadelphia.



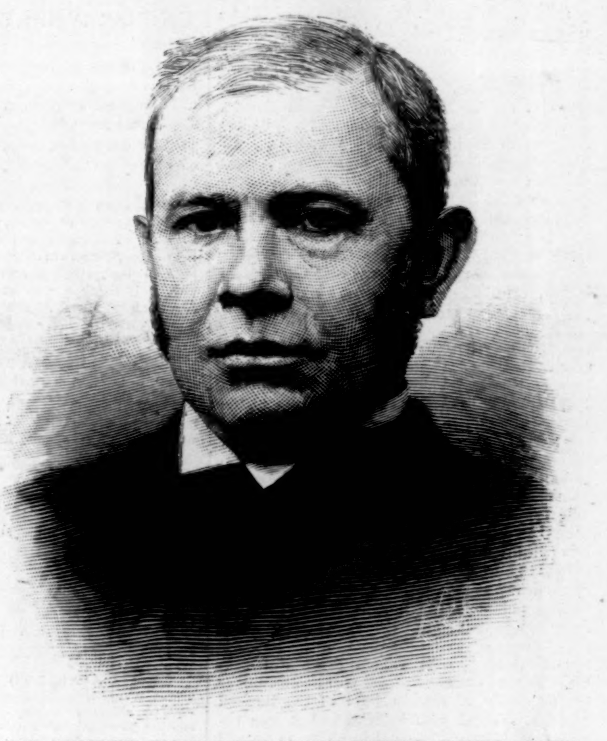
COLONEL WILLIAM WADE DUDLEY, EX-COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS.—[See Page 74.]

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Since the election of last November a number of men have been brought into national prominence in one way or other who theretofore laid claim to little more than local reputation and influence. Foremost among these is Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, whose availability for the position of Postmaster-General has been discussed with rather more than usual interest by persons of all shades of political belief.



THE MAKE-UP OF THE CASTLE AND RAINBOW SCENE OF "DAS RHEINGOLD." Drawn by E. J. Meeker.—[See Page 70.]

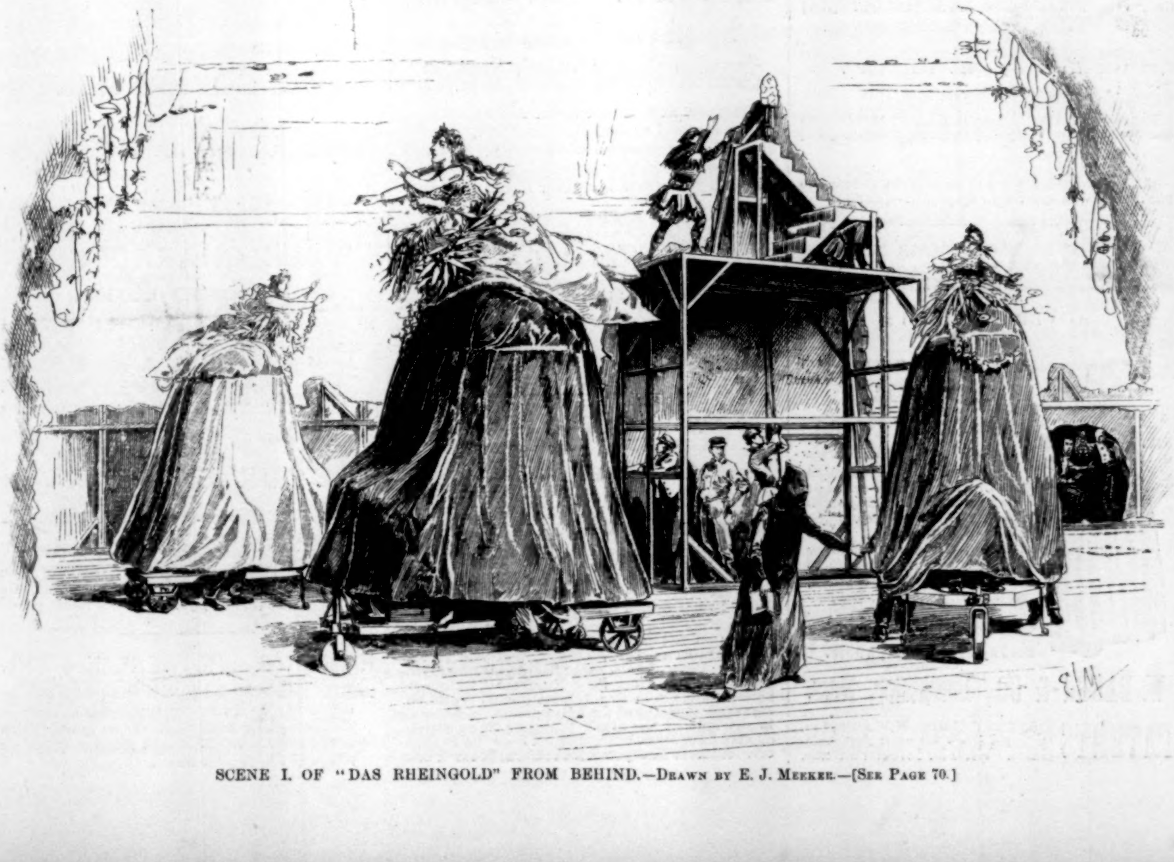


HON. ANTHONY HIGGINS, THE NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM DELAWARE.—From a Photo. by Ludovici.—[See Page 67.]

Although the most widely known inhabitant of Philadelphia, Mr. Wanamaker as a man is practically a stranger to the country. It is as a name, as a general store, in fact, that he has become noted, not only to shoppers and business men in Philadelphia, but also to readers of newspaper advertisements elsewhere. In some respects Mr. Wanamaker is the most remarkable merchant in America. He has built up in a few years what is claimed to be the largest retail store in this country, and the third largest in the world. Like many men whose lives are records of brilliant achievements, Mr. Wanamaker's origin was commonplace, if not actually humble. He was born in historic old Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1838. His father owned a small brick-yard, in which, when a school-boy, he was wont to earn two cents of a summer morning by turning five hundred bricks before setting out for school. Later in his boyhood he worked in a book-store for $1 25 a week, to do which he was compelled to walk four miles each morning and evening. When Chambersburg offered no satisfying opportunities for his ambition, young Wanamaker bade farewell to his parents and his four brothers, and walked to Philadelphia, where he found employment as a clerk in a clothing store known as Tower Hall. Subsequently he became secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at a salary of $1000 a year. In 1861 he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, and, assisted by his wife's father, began business in the clothing line at Sixth and Market streets. The firm, which was known as Wanamaker & Brown, had alternating periods of prosperity and failure; but in the course of a few years it secured a solid foot-hold. In this business Mr. Wanamaker showed himself to be a remarkably shrewd and original advertiser. It is to his liberal and persistent advertising that he owes most of his success as a merchant.

After Evangelist Moody closed a series of revival meetings in an old railway freight station at Thirteenth and Market streets in the winter of 1876, Mr. Wanamaker bought the place and sold clothing in it. He called it the "Grand Depot." This was the beginning of his huge general store, in which forty-seven different branches of business are now carried on. Mr. Wanamaker did not confine himself to the sale of clothing in the new place, but sold almost everything that a customer wanted to buy. By purchasing advantageously and selling at a small profit he soon secured a large trade, with the result that many smaller dealers in various lines were obliged to give up business. As fast as these men went into bankruptcy they either removed from the city or engaged themselves to Mr. Wanamaker as clerks. One bankrupt merchant, who before the growth of the "Grand Depot" set in did an annual business of $200,000, is now a floor-walker for Wanamaker, it is said, at a salary of $25 a week.

Although Mr. Wanamaker may be seen at his store at almost any hour from 7.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m., he yet finds plenty of time in which to supervise the affairs of the Bethany Sunday-school, which he established in a small shop at Twelfth



SCENE I. OF "DAS RHEINGOLD" FROM BEHIND.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker.—[See Page 70.]

and Bainbridge streets about thirty years ago. It now has something like 2500 attendants. A church, a college, a young men's literary society, and several benevolent and missionary organizations are connected with it. Mr. **Wanamaker** has not developed this missionary movement to the exclusion of everything else, but has given many thousands of dollars to the Young Men's Christian Association and other worthy objects.

In his personal habits Mr. **Wanamaker** is quite Puritanical, inasmuch as he never uses liquor or tobacco in any form, never goes to the theatre, never attends a horse-race or sporting contest. His only relaxation is the management of his Sunday-school. He has a city house in Walnut Street, a country place at Jenkintown, and a seaside cottage at Cape May Point. Two years ago Mr. **Wanamaker** attracted some attention by purchasing **Munkacsy**'s painting, "Christ Before Pilate," for a large sum of money.

WILLIAM WADE DUDLEY.

For some months past the name of Colonel **Dudley** has been one of the most widely known in these United States. By some he is regarded as a man of rich intellectual resource—a daring, accomplished, and skilful politician. By others he is regarded as the incarnation of political intrigue—a representative specimen of the class of men who bring discredit upon American politics.

In another place in this week's issue of **Harper's Weekly** we give a picture of this much-discussed individual. **William Wade Dudley**'s life has been an active one. He was born at Weathersfield, Windsor County, Vermont, August 27, 1842. He is thus in the prime of life, having only advanced a few months beyond his forty-seventh birthday. Prior to entering Yale College he was educated first at Philips Academy, Vermont, and afterward at Russel's Collegiate and Commercial Academy, New Haven, Connecticut. Circumstances led him to Richmond, Indiana, in 1860, and we find him for a short time engaged in the business of milling. When the war broke out in 1861 he raised a company, and entered the Union army as Captain. He served with gallantry through the war, rising to the rank of Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General. From 1866 to 1870 he was Clerk of the Circuit Court of Wayne County. Having given himself to the study of law, he was admitted to the bar in 1875. Whether his patience was not equal to the requirements of the new situation does not appear, but we soon find him occupying the more lucrative post of cashier of the Richmond (Indiana) Savings-bank. In 1879 he was appointed United States Marshal for Indiana, and in 1881, on June 17th, he was appointed Commissioner of the Pension Bureau at Washington. He had done some good service to his party, and this was his reward.

As Pension Commissioner Colonel **Dudley** had trouble from the moment he entered the office. He was the object of incessant attack, and became tired of his office, resigning November 16, 1882. The experience acquired in the Pension Bureau, however, was not lost upon him; and having returned to the practice of law, he found and continues to find profitable occupation in the prosecution of pension claims. Of pronounced Republican tendencies, he was chosen, July 17, 1888, Treasurer of the National Republican Committee. In this capacity he was brought into painful prominence by a letter which he is alleged to have written, offering instruction to the Republican election managers in Indiana. The various points in the famous "floaters-in-five" letter are so well and so generally known that it is not necessary to repeat them here. This letter has given Colonel **Dudley** a world of trouble. Toward the close of the year he was, under the provisions of Section 5511 of the Revised Statutes, charged with bribery, and it was believed by his enemies that Colonel **Dudley** would obtain some special experience of the State-prison. The charge, however, has fallen through, the Grand Jury, acting under the direction of Judge **Woods** of the United States Circuit Court, having found themselves unable to formulate an indictment.

MATTHEW S. QUAY.

As a master in the practical management of American politics no man of our day has become more widely known than **Matthew Stanley Quay**, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, and Chairman of the National Republican Committee during the late Presidential canvass which resulted in the success of General **Harrison**. Born September 30, 1833, at Dillsburg, a small post borough of York County, Pennsylvania, about fifteen miles southwest of Harrisburg, the State capital, he was still young when his father, a Presbyterian clergyman, removed with his family to Beaver County. The lad was placed in the Beaver and Indiana academies, where he prepared for Jefferson College, in his native State. On graduating there, in 1850, Mr. **Quay** chose the law as his profession, and began his studies for that purpose at Pittsburgh. Before practising, however, he made a journey to the Southwestern States, and there taught school to pay his expenses. On his return he resumed his legal studies, was admitted to the Beaver County bar in 1854, and was appointed Prothonotary of the county the next year. The year following he was elected to the same office, and he was re-elected in 1859.

When the war for the Union broke out, Mr. **Quay** resigned his office, and was made a Lieutenant in the Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves. The organizing and administrative abilities which in later years made him so famous in politics were already sufficiently marked to cause him to be retained by Governor **Curtin** at Harrisburg, the State capital, for work in the military staff departments. He served as Assistant Commissary-General of the State, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was the Military Agent of Pennsylvania at Washington, besides being Chief of Transportation and Telegraphs, with the rank of Major. He also became Military Secretary to Governor **Curtin** when that office was created by the Legislature. In the midst of this service at Harrisburg Governor **Curtin** gave him, in August, 1862, the commission of Colonel of the 134th Pennsylvania, a new nine-months' regiment, but he resigned in the following December. During three successive years also—1864, 1865, and 1866—Colonel **Quay** was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

In 1869 he founded a newspaper at Beaver called the *Radical*, and continued some time as its editor. The next public office he filled was that of Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which he held continuously for about ten years—from 1873 to 1882 inclusive—with the exception of a short break in 1878, when he resigned in order to accept the appointment of Recorder of the city of Philadelphia, which, however, he gave up the following year to return to the Secretaryship. During this prolonged period he built up a reputation which spread far beyond the boundaries of his State. He was delegate at large to the Republican National Convention of 1872, 1876, and 1880, besides being Chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1878 and 1879. In 1885 at the general State election he was the Republican candidate for State Treasurer, and polled the largest vote ever given to a candidate for that office. In January, 1887, he was elected to the United States Senate, to succeed **John I. Mitchell**, from the following 4th of March. Senator **Quay** entered upon the recent Presidential canvass as head of the Republican National Committee after a quarter of a century of constant connection with the inner workings of State and national politics. He is a little over fifty-five years, and has more than four years of his term of Senator before him.

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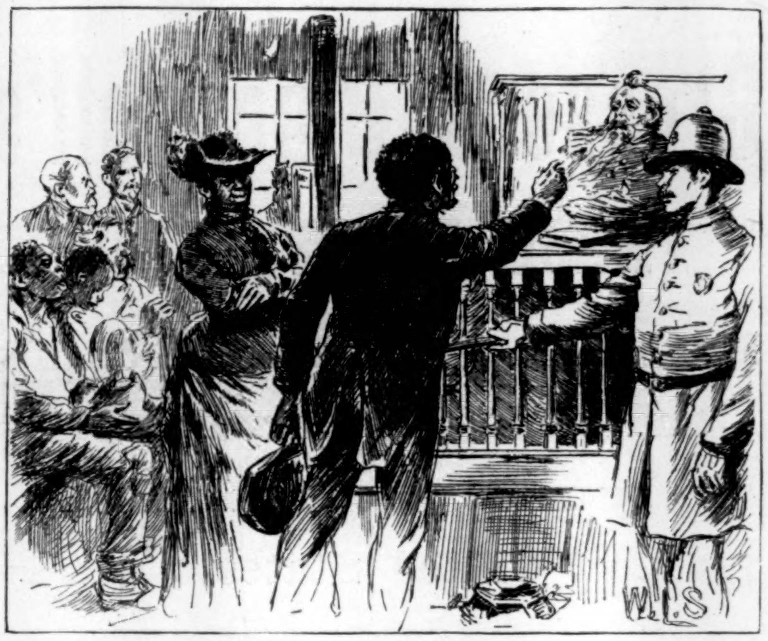

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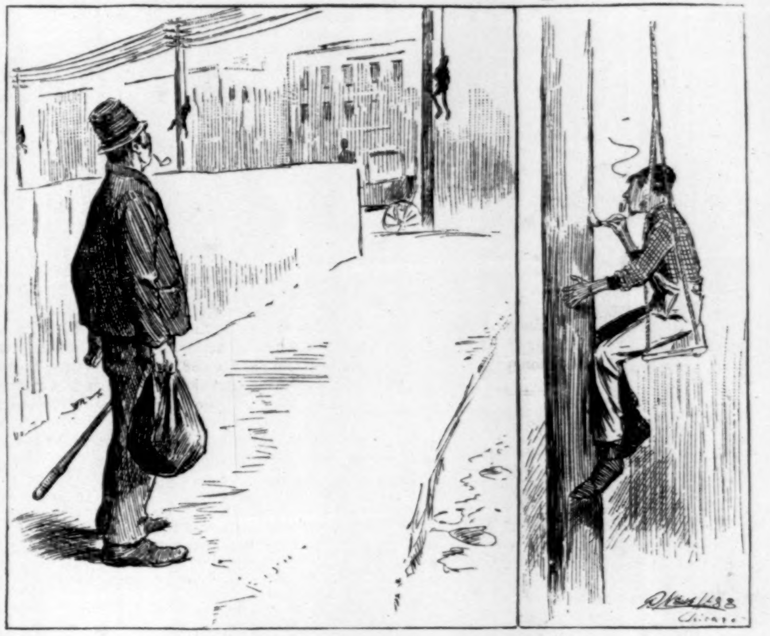

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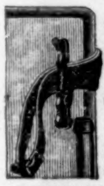

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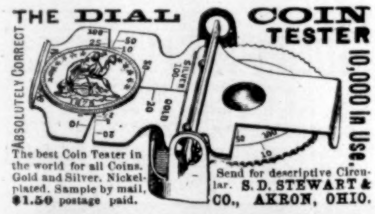

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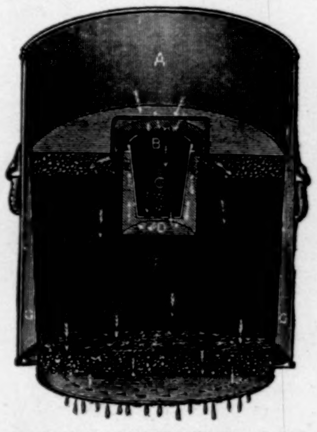

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By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. First Paper. Fourteen Illustrations by T. DE THULSTRUP and H. W. RANGER;

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The Work of John Ruskin.
By DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN. With Frontispiece Portrait of John Ruskin;

A Russian Village.
By VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN. An Artist's Sketch. Illustrations Drawn by VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN;

To Whom this may Come.
By EDWARD BELLAMY. A Short Story;

The Hôtel Drouot.
By THEODORE CHILD. Fifteen Illustrations;

Nepaul the Land of the Goorkhas.
By HENRY BALLANTINE. Fifteen Illustrations;

Bulb Gardens In-doors.
By JOHN HABBERTON. Illustrated by W. HAMILTON GIBSON;

The Training of Children's Voices in Public Schools.
By EMILIE CHRISTINA CURTIS,

Poetry:
THE WAY. By ANNIE FIELDS;
SCOTCH SONGS. By AMÉLIE RIVES;
SINGING FLAME. By COATES KINNEY;
A FRIEND. By ANNIE KENT;

Editor's Easy Chair.
By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Editor's Study.
By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Editor's Drawer.
Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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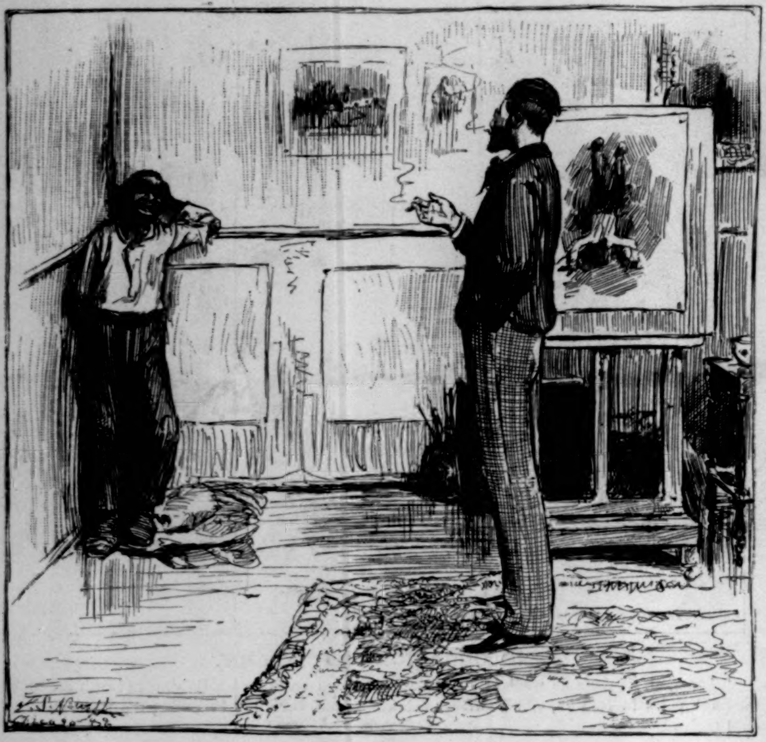

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(*Time.—During a rest.*)

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MODEL. "Yes, sah. Say, wouldn't it be jes ez good fo' yo' to paint me stan'in' on my feet, an' den tu'n de picter ober when yo' gits it done?"

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I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion.

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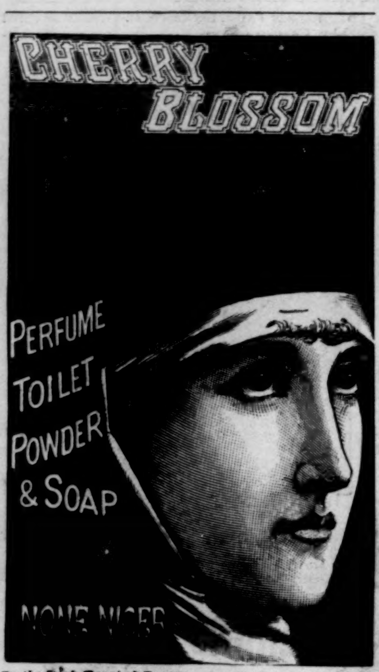

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"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."

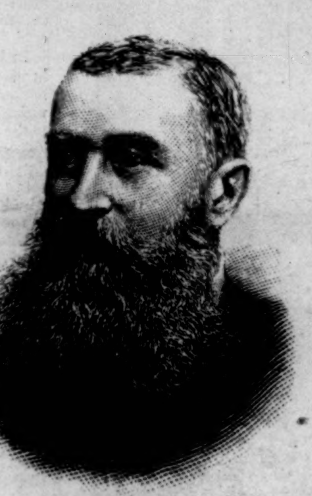
THE “FOREIGN ELEMENT” IN NEW YORK CITY.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

III.—THE FRENCH.*

THE “FRENCH COLONY” in New York is small in numbers, and its members are so scattered over the city as to make that favorite term of the Frenchmen seem misleading. For there is no part of the city where any great number of Frenchmen reside, unless it be the vicinity of Bleecker Street and South Fifth Avenue. In that neighborhood a considerable number of small merchants, artisans, and working-men are located, but the majority of the Frenchmen in New York (say 10,000 in round numbers) will be found in all parts of the city. And of the Frenchmen that are here one-half are Alsacians by birth. In 1886, 73,000 Germans immigrated to this port, while only 5,000 Frenchmen came here. The number of Frenchmen in New York may be small, but they are an interesting body of people, and an account of their more important enterprises is worthy of recital.

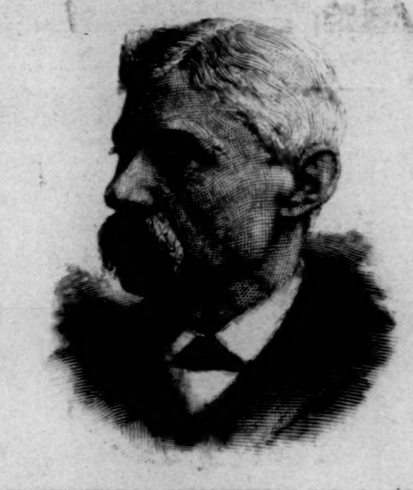
According to the French Directory they follow about two hundred vocations. The employments having the largest number of followers are confectioners, laundresses, bakers, shoemakers, and mantua-makers. There are sixteen lawyers, three architects, many dealers in wines and liquors, keepers of restaurants, druggists, and makers of artificial flowers. It will be interesting for Frenchmen to know what their countrymen did in the early days of New York. According to Professor MARQUAND, of Princeton College, on the list of Freemen preserved in the City Hall, New York, the occupations or trades are recorded from the year 1695. During the fifty years extending from 1695–1745 two hundred and fifty Frenchmen were made Freemen of the city. Their occupations are distributed as follows: merchants, 31; coopers, 20; mariners, 17; carpenters or joiners, 17; victuallers, 10; goldsmiths and silversmiths, 10; tailors, 7; carmen, 7; tallow-chandlers, 6; bricklayers, 5; school-masters, shopkeepers, masons, sail-makers, yeomen, and blacksmiths, 4 each; ship-carpenters, bakers, weavers, laborers, periwig-makers, 3 each; surgeons, butchers, curriers, distillers, 2 each; barber, tobacconist, gunsmith, comb-maker, block-maker, wheelwright, bell-monger, miller, bolter, confectioner, apothecary, fisherman, farmer, jeweller, dyer, founder, brazier, tinsmith, 1 each. From this it appears that commerce and the trades directly subservient to it absorbed the industries of the French in New York during this period. For this reason many of the skilled artisans who came from France to New York found themselves obliged to change their callings. The gold and silver smiths constituted the only class of such workmen who could continue in this country the same trade which they had followed in the Old World.



VICOMTE PAUL D'ABZAC, FRENCH CONSUL-GENERAL AT NEW YORK.

At the present time in large commercial interests the Frenchmen are but poorly represented. The Germans have taken from them the silk trade which was once theirs. Frenchmen could not compete with the Germans, and though a few made money they have returned to France. The few small houses that remain do not have the position that the old ones had. The wine trade is not much better, the Germans having monopolized that business, leaving not more than six houses wholly composed of Frenchmen. The leading dress-makers were once French, now they are Irish. Years ago many French women made money in this business, but they have gone back to France. The confectionery trade has gone into the hands of the Americans, and they are very successful. The Crédit Lyonnais of Paris and London some time ago started a banking-house in the Equitable Building, with $75,000,000 capital. They remained but a year or two, finding that the enterprise did not pay. They are now represented by MORTON, BLISS, & Co.

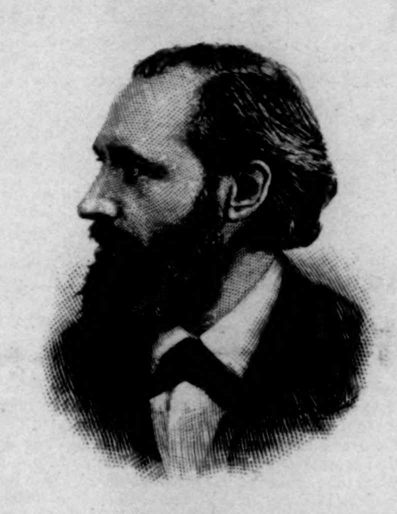
Speaking of the industries of the French, the recent invention of a Frenchman is worthy of mention. The French Consul has in his parlor a huge decorative piece composed of flowers which are apparently carved with most exquisite delicacy in bronze. The smallest leaves and petals, the most delicate veinings, are preserved with infinite exactitude. It would seem as if the piece represented years of patient work. In reality it was produced in a few hours and at very small expense by a new process of plating, the invention of a Frenchman. Each bronze flower and leaf encloses the original, upon which the metal has been deposited by electric action; and it is affirmed that the roses so incased retain indefinitely their perfume, and even in their deepest interiors their natural colors. The same process is applied in the making of silver flies, beetles, and other insects, and even in the coating of lizards and small snakes for the ornamentation of parasol handles and cane heads. The dead insect is hermetically sealed up in its metal coat, and, it is said, will never decay, at least until the metal is worn through; and as the deposit may be put on as thick as is deemed advisable, they may be made to last as long as people's liking for them as a novelty endures. The fidelity to nature in these reproductions is wonderful.



JOSEPH THORON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE DE BIENFAISANCE.

The Frenchman emigrates with reluctance. As a rule, he cannot speak English, and he finds the language very difficult to learn. Thus it happens that at the very outset he is put at a disadvantage, and finds it hard to fight his way in business life. Then, again, Frenchmen are of a sanguine temperament: if their hopes do not show promise of early realization they quickly become discouraged; they drift into some humble employment where they can simply make their living, or return to France. On the other hand, if they are successful in business, as soon as they are assured of even a small revenue, they hie themselves back to their native country. A Frenchman can never be thoroughly happy in any country but his own.

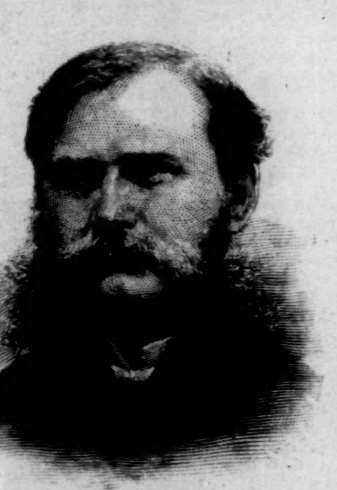
The history of French Protestantism on Manhattan Island is very interesting. Long before 1688 the French element had become quite an important factor in the province, and services in the French language were occasionally held. Four years later a Huguenot church was established, in which services were held until 1804. There were various Huguenot settlements made in America, that of New York being the first in importance. In a letter written in 1628 by the Rev. JONAS MICHAËLIUS, the first Dutch minister of New Amsterdam, he speaks of the French and Walloons (who belonged to the same general race) as worshipping with the Dutch, though they had an imperfect knowledge of the language. “Some of them,” remarks the reverend gentleman, “live far away and could not come on account of the heavy rains and storms, so that it was neither advisable nor was it possible to appoint any special service for so small a number with so much uncertainty. Nevertheless, the Lord's Supper was administered to them in the French language and according to the French mode, with a preceding discourse, which I had before me in writing, as I could not trust myself extemporaneously.”



HENRY P. SAMPERS, OF THE “COURRIER DES ÉTATS-UNIS.”

The French, therefore, must thank a Dutchman for starting religious services in their own language on the island of Manhattan. The example of Mr. MICHAËLIUS in preaching the Gospel to the French in the language of their country was followed by some of his successors, until finally the French established a church of their own. Owing to the religious troubles in France, immigration increased very rapidly. The number of refugees was so great that, according to BANCROFT, from 1648 to 1658 the public documents were published in French as well as in Dutch and English. In 1688 there were about two hundred Huguenot families in New York.

The immediate founder of the Huguenot Church in New York was the Rev. PIERRE PEIRET, who arrived in November, 1687, coming from the county of Foix, in the south of France. He immediately founded an independent church under the name of the “Église françoise à la Nouvelle York,” though it was sometimes called “Église des Réfugiés françoises à la Nouvelle York.” In the following year he erected a building exclusively devoted to French services. This church was situated on Petticoat Lane, known later as Marketfield Street, and now entirely covered by the Produce Exchange. This building would seat about four hundred persons, and a historian says that “every Sabbath-day the people assembled, for twenty miles round, from Long Island, Staten Island, New Rochelle, etc., for public worship. Every street near was filled with wagons as early as Saturday evening, and in them they passed the night and ate their frugal Sunday repast, presenting a touching spectacle of purity and zeal.” In 1703 the Marketfield Street Church, having become too small for the growing colony, a new edifice was erected on King's Street, now Pine Street. It was seventy feet long and fifty feet wide. According to ancient documents, it was built “of stone plain both within and without, fenced from the street,” and had “a Steeple and a Bell.” The church was quite prosperous for a time, though there were certain internal dissensions and jealousies of purely local interest at the time. Just before the breaking out of the Revolution, however, the attendance on the services had seriously declined. The newer generations of Huguenots could speak English as well, or better, than they could French, and, naturally, many of them attended the English-speaking churches. In 1772 an attempt was made to secure a pastor who could preach in both French and English, but it failed. Many of the ministers of the church, having been episcopally ordained abroad before they came to this country, looked with great favor on the Church of England, and many of the members of the congregation attended the service of that church. It is a somewhat significant fact, too, that a leading Huguenot, soon after his arrival, became a vestryman of Trinity Church. An elder in the French church who died in 1773 bequeathed one thousand pounds to Trinity Church in trust for the first French congregation in New York which should adopt the Anglican liturgy.



REV. A. V. WITTMEYER, RECTOR OF THE FRENCH CHURCH DU SAINT-ESPRIT.

After struggling along for some years, the trustees of the society, on September 30, 1802, to prevent the church from disbanding entirely, proposed to their pastor that the Episcopal liturgy be adopted. To this important suggestion Mr. ALBERT replied: “As to your determination concerning the Anglican liturgy, I can see nothing in the way of its adoption by us, since the religion is the same, differing, I believe, only in the ceremonies. It would, nevertheless, be well to know exactly the conditions on which the English would consent to let us have the legacy bequeathed to us [the one already referred to]; for if they are onerous or tend to deprive us of our independence, I could not subscribe to them. If, on the contrary, it is only the question of the simple adoption of the liturgy, I unite with you, gentlemen, in adopting it; and I do so all the more willingly as I am convinced that that is perhaps the only means we have to at last draw our congregation out of that state of nullity where it is at present. As to the latter purpose, I am, likewise, fully disposed to concur with you in the execution of a plan which can only turn out to the advantage of all.” At a meeting held in the church a few days later the members of the church unanimously gave their consent to the proposed change. At this time the American Book of Common Prayer had not been translated into the French language; it was therefore thought best to adopt the Prayer Book used in the French Episcopal churches of London, Jersey, and Guernsey, to American use.

The church, after being suitably repaired and altered, was dedicated, May 30, 1803, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Episcopal Church, by Bishop MOORE, of New York, under the corporate name of “The French Church du Saint-Esprit.” Services were celebrated for the first time according to the Episcopal form on Trinity-Sunday, June 5; Mr. ALBERT, the minister, was admitted to priest's orders in Trinity Church, June 24, 1803. In 1834 the property in Pine Street was sold for $50,000, and a new church was built on Franklin Street, corner of Church. In 1863 the church removed to West Twenty-second Street, near Fifth Avenue, where it now stands.

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* I. “The Germans,” Supplement to HARPER'S WEEKLY of August 4, 1888. II. “Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes,” Supplement to HARPER'S WEEKLY of September 1, 1888.

Of the foreigners in New York who *speak* French (not Frenchmen alone), and who believe in religious services, it is estimated that seven thousand are Protestants and twenty-five thousand are Roman Catholics. Of the seven thousand Protestants, probably one thousand attend church more or less regularly. A large number of Frenchmen, however, are rationalists, or look upon the whole subject of religion with indifference. The naturalistic school of French fiction, which is so popular among most Frenchmen at the present time, is, to say the least, not conducive to growth in the spiritual life; and it will not be denied by Frenchmen themselves that the great mass of their countrymen are apt to take a ridiculous view of religion, politics, social reforms, yes, even life itself. It would be hard to find a Frenchman who would testify, as did the editor of a well-known literary review, not long ago, in answer to the question, "What is the most important thing you have learned up to the present time?" "I have a growing sense of the seriousness and importance of human life."

The French rationalist in New York looks with more disfavor on the Roman Catholic Church than he does on the Protestant. He will allow his children to attend the Sunday-school of the Protestant Church, though he will never set foot inside the church himself. He will look upon the whole proceeding with good-natured tolerance, as much as to say, "It don't amount to much one way or the other." Unlike many foreigners and many Americans of an æsthetic turn of mind he is not attracted by a ritualistic service. His question is always, "Of what profit, of what use, is it?" He cannot see that forms and ceremonies carry with them a certain significance; he does not understand how they can or why they should. This remark applies to Frenchmen whose leanings are toward Protestantism.

At the French Episcopal church in Twenty-second Street the service is of the plainest description, the minister adhering to the use of the black gown, which in nearly all Episcopal churches long since gave way to the white surplice.

The French Church du Saint-Esprit, of which the Rev. **Alfred V. Wittmeyer** is the efficient rector, and whose historical sketch of the church has been drawn upon by the writer, has four hundred members, but the average attendance is not over one hundred and fifty. This small attendance is not due to indifference on the part of the church members, but principally to the fact that the most of them are engaged in such employments that their time is occupied on Sundays, and it is rarely that they are at leisure on the first day of the week. Many of them are cooks, stewards, waiters, domestics, etc.; often they are obliged to do more work on Sunday than on any other day in the week. A Frenchman, when he believes in the church at all, is not willingly neglectful of his religious duties.

Attached to the French Protestant Church is a parochial school. The principal object in having this school is to teach the poorer French children their own language, a thorough knowledge of which is found to be especially useful to them when they grow up and enter upon the business duties of life. The school is opened with religious exercises, but they are of the simplest description; and the secular training, though it may not be considered the most important by the church people having charge of the enterprise, receives the largest share of attention. Parents of all shades of opinion, free-thinkers, and those of strong religious tendencies, are not only willing but glad to send their children to this school, there to become well grounded in a knowledge of their own language and the rudimentary branches of education. After attending this school, many of the pupils go to the public schools and pursue their studies through the higher branches.

Of course the Frenchman does not adopt Puritanical ideas as to the observance of Sunday. Even if he goes to church in the morning, he will consider himself entitled to social enjoyment in the afternoon. Then, again, there are quite a number of French societies the objects of which are partly social and partly benevolent. These societies always hold their meetings on Sunday afternoons. At such times the members will meet with their wives and children, exchange news, become acquainted with one another, and transact the small amount of routine business that each week comes before the society.

It would be hard to find a prohibitionist or total abstainer among the light-hearted Frenchmen. As German children are brought up on beer, which they are given to sip long before they get out of their cradles, so French babies are allowed to drink wine, which, with Frenchmen, is not looked upon as a beverage but as an article of food. No Frenchman would think he had had his dinner, particularly his Sunday dinner, if claret or some other wine was not a portion of the bill of fare. Even the poorest French families will deny themselves in some way so that they can have wine, if not every day in the week, at least for the Sunday dinner, which the thrifty French woman spares no pains to make palatable and inviting. It is the testimony of a prominent clergyman whose work is among these people—and the fact should be remembered to their credit—that among all his French acquaintances he only knows two or three who drink to excess.

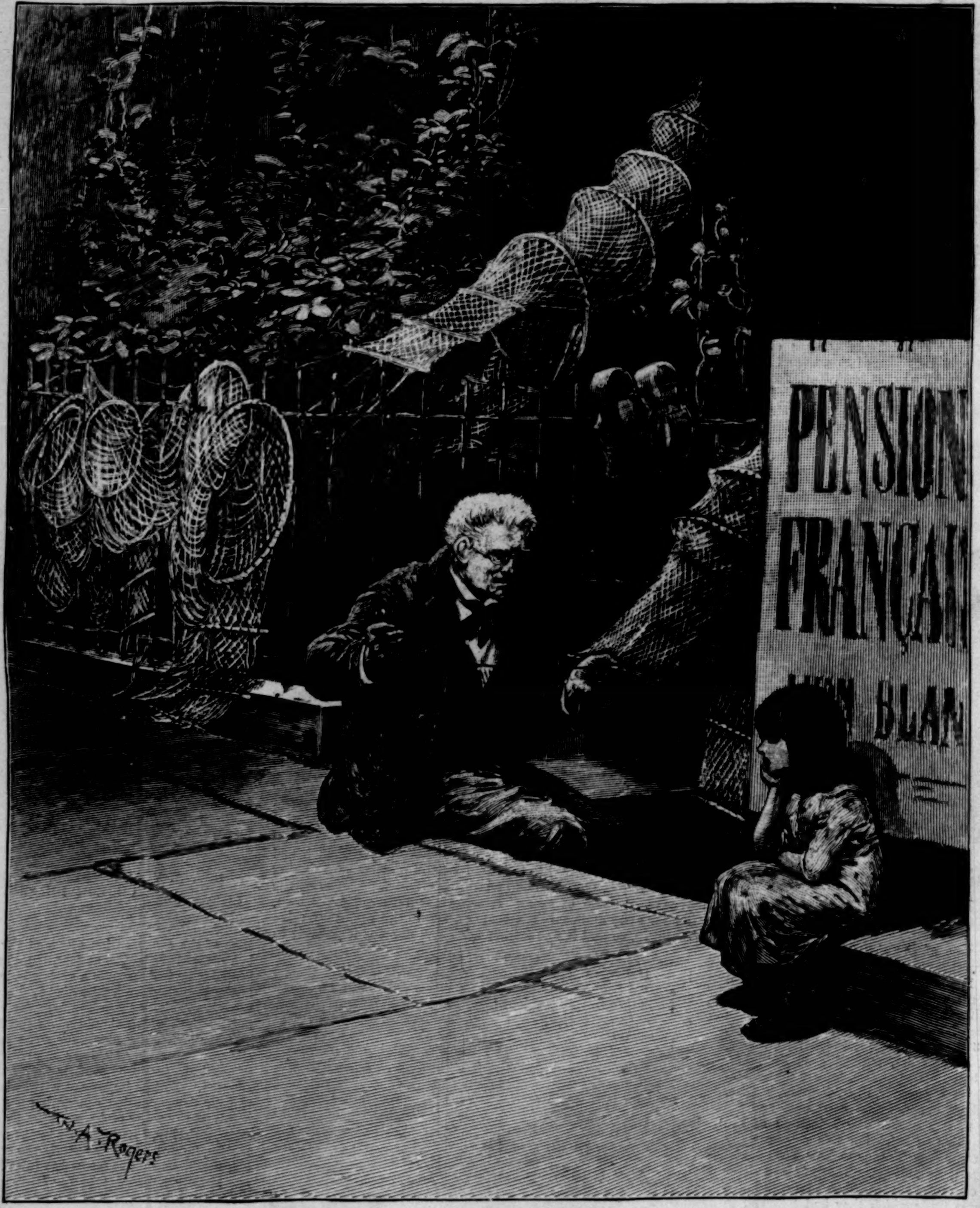
French Canadians of the Roman Catholic faith worship in the little Church St. Jean Baptiste des Canadiens, in East Seventy-sixth Street. When this congregation was gathered together in 1880 no regular parish was assigned to the priest in charge, Rev. Father **Charles Delacroix**, but the care of all the French Canadian Roman Catholics in the city was given to him. With the assistance of several wealthy French Canadians, a site for the church was purchased, and the edifice dedicated by Archbishop **Corrigan** in 1882. As the congregation was scattered over such a wide parish, it was found very difficult to carry on the enterprise on account of the lack of financial support. Father **Delacroix** left in 1883, and the debt on the church was over $30,000. Rev. **Frederick Tetrean** succeeded him, and has been quite successful in building up the parish. He has established a house of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Montreal, to take charge of the parochial school, where instruction is now given in English and French to about two hundred pupils. In charge of the same sisters is the Villa Maria Academy of Montreal, on the corner of Seventy-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue, where one hundred pupils receive instruction. The order of sisters alluded to is very wealthy, and is the main support of the schools, the parish itself being unable to do such work. The French portion of this congregation numbers about one hundred and twenty-five families, but many English-speaking people attend the services. There are four masses every Sunday.

The Rev. **Frederick Tetrean** was born near Montreal in 1850. He pursued his classical and theological studies at Nicolet College, in Canada, where he was ordained in 1874. He was an assistant priest for several years, and was finally commissioned by the Archbishop of the diocese to found the Church of St. Wenceslaus, at Ashton, Canada. Here he erected a handsome church, built schoolhouses, and founded a convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, during a pastorate of six years, and finally came to New York in 1883, to take charge of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste. His single assistant is the Rev. **E. O. Corrigean**.

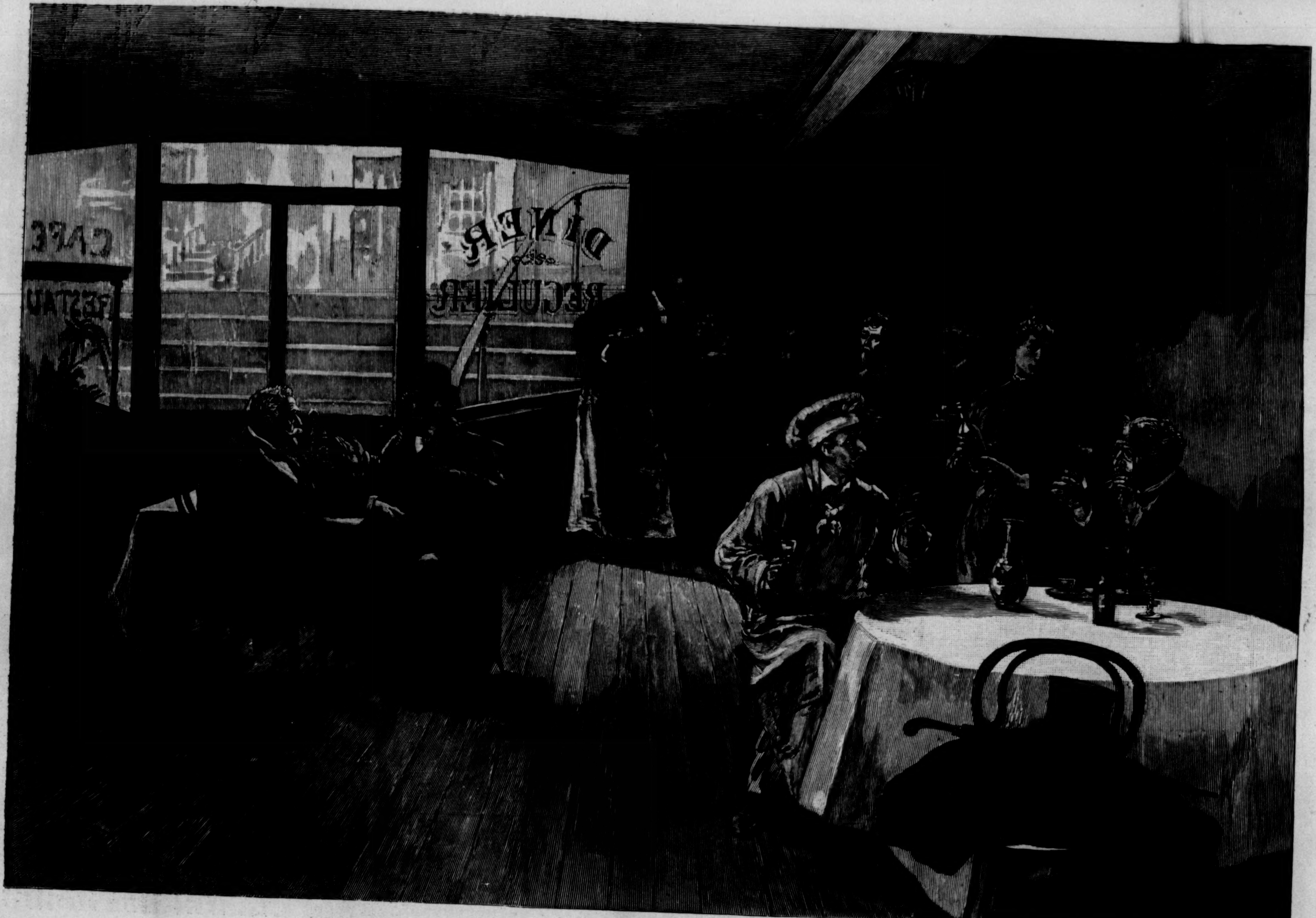
In the industries pursued by the French in New York, on account of their numbers and earnings, the cooks will take high rank. There are five hundred cooks employed in private families and hotels in the great metropolis. The chief cooks employed in hotels receive salaries as high as $4000 a year, the *chefs* in private families and restaurants earn $1200 or $1000 a year, and the assistants in both places will receive salaries in proportion. The duties of a French *chef* are in the nature of superintendence. Very rarely does he ever condescend to make a dish; he simply tells his assistants, "You will cook so and so;" and if they do not know how to prepare the dish, he stands by and instructs them what to do. Sometimes he goes to market and makes the necessary purchases. Most of the large hotels, however, have a steward upon whom this duty devolves. The steward is the superintendent of the purchases; the food is kept under lock and key in ice-cooled rooms, over which he has sole control, and it is dealt out as it is needed on written orders sent by the *chef*. Many head-cooks rebel at the custom of allowing the steward to make the purchases of food. They say, and with a considerable show of reason: "We are responsible for the dish when it is brought upon the table, why should we not be allowed to purchase the ingredients of which it is made? Suppose the steward does not know his business, suppose he purchases poor materials, then we are compelled to use them; the dish is bad, and the cook is blamed, the patron never dreaming that the steward could be at fault." But it is not often that dishes are spoiled on this account; and in large hotels there is so much for the cook to do, that as a rule, he is quite glad that the office of steward exists. And the stewards themselves are ordinarily a very competent body of men, not only judges of the quality of food, but having special knowledge as to the prices that ought to be paid for it.

In large hotels and in apartment houses having kitchens from which meals are served to the tenants, there is a second cook, whose duty it is to make the soups and the sauces. Another cook attends to the roasts; another devotes his time to the fried dishes, omelettes, etc.; still another cook makes side dishes; a pastry-cook makes the pies and desserts; and a vegetable cook, who is nearly always a woman, prepares the vegetables; then there is a butcher, who looks after the meats, cuts them into proper sizes, and trims the pieces for cooking. If you will talk to some of the prominent French cooks, the real *artistes*, they will complain to you that many of their brethren lack proper training. It is not difficult, they will tell you, to be a French cook in America, but it is very different in France. In Paris, a boy of fourteen or fifteen who has determined to be a cook will, on leaving school, apprentice himself for three years to the keeper of a restaurant, paying about $100 for the privilege. After leaving, he will, on the recommendation of his employer, and without pay, serve as cook in some family. Not until he is eighteen or nineteen years of age will he obtain a position where he will be paid for his services. Frenchmen say it is quite another thing in America. Here a young Frenchman, finding himself out of employment, will get some kind of work to do in a large kitchen, receiving say $20 a month. While performing his duties he will mingle among the cooks, keep his eyes and ears open, get a good many ideas about the art of preparing food, and then he will branch out as a cook. He will tell the people to whom he applies for work, "I was apprenticed at that place;" and as the place has some reputation, the people will employ him at $30 a month; and it is not long before he goes forth to the world as a second cook, earning $60 or $75 a month. These cooks the French call "cooks by imitation." They have no real talent, no powers of originality, no solid basis for their knowledge. Well-educated French cooks not only know how to make toothsome dishes, but have a scientific knowledge as to the composition and nature of different foods.

French cooks look at the American methods of eating with feelings of considerable amusement. They cannot understand why a man should eat so much for breakfast the moment he has risen from sleep. The first thing in the morning, a Frenchman will drink a cup of coffee and eat a soft-boiled or poached egg; his breakfast he will eat at ten or eleven o'clock, his dinner at six or



A SCENE IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.


CAFE
RESTAU
DINER

A RESTAURANT IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.